March 25, 1933

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IOLA, KANSAS

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## What would Love do to Technocracy?

**Read John Erskine's short story–"Ergi**

MRS W HENDERSON
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MARCH 25, 1933
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# SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF

**ILLUSION:**

A large packing case is exhibited on a raised platform. A young woman climbs into the box. Head, hands and feet protrude, and are held by spectators while the magician takes a crosscut saw and, with the help of an assistant, saws through the center of the box and apparently through the woman.

**EXPLANATION:**

One method of performing this illusion requires the presence of *two* girls in the box. One girl curls up in the left half of the box with her head and hands protruding. The other girl is doubled up in the right half of the box with only her feet showing. Nobody is sawed in half.


# IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ... IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Cigarette advertising, too, has its tricks. Consider the illusion that "Flavor" can be achieved by some kind of magical hocus-pocus in manufacturing cigarettes.

**EXPLANATION:** Just three factors control the flavor of a cigarette. The addition of artificial flavoring. The blending of various tobaccos. And the *quality* of the tobaccos themselves. Quality is by far the most important.

Domestic cigarette tobaccos vary in price from 5¢ a pound up to 40¢ a pound. Imported tobaccos vary from 50¢ a pound to $1.15.

Distinctive, *pleasing* flavor depends largely upon the blending of the *costlier* tobaccos.

*It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.*

Try Camels. Give your taste a chance to sense the subtle difference that lies in costlier tobaccos.

Camels are always fresh, cool, in prime condition in the seamless, *welded* Humidor Pack.

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**KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK**

**NO TRICKS... JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**IN A MATCHLESS BLEND**


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# lucky birds

### They're Terraplaning!

Down in the valleys, up in the hills, out on the stretches, something has happened. The Golden Gate knows it. They know it in Maine. They've felt it in London—in Rio—in Spain.

It isn't a *car* they're talking about—it's an experience! And boyohboyohboy, it's grand! It isn't "transportation." It isn't "what'll-you-give-me-for-my-old-car if I buy a new one?". It's just one beautiful, skyrocketing word—JOY!

### And it's waiting for you!

Turtle-minded folk, who tuck in their heads or wiggle fretfully off their cozy rocks at the thought of going places, won't understand it. But *you* will!

You'll climb into the leg-freeing drawing-room cabin of this low-swung sweet chariot and take off with a happy song in your heart and the power of the winged Mercury in your feet . . . That's TERRAPLANING!

### The all-time champion

Climb and accelerate in a Terraplane as never before in *any* car—because the Terraplane is the *only Unit-built* car. It has more power per pound than any other car in the world.

Meaning what?

That you can Terraplane over the steepest hills in high gear at 50 or better without touching throttle-bottom.

That you can shoot away from every other car after traffic-stops like a prince on a holiday.

That you no longer need costly, old-fashioned excess poundage for safe, smooth, comfortable riding.

### An 8 for as little as $565

Why drive a car built like a Japanese wrestler when your Terraplane gives you the strength, stamina and grace of an all-'round athlete?

Excess weight costs you money in gas, oil and tires. Excess weight smothers power. Terraplane Unit-construction *eliminates* excess weight, while insuring ruggedness.

Terraplane owners say Terraplaning is the most spirit-stirring experience they've ever had since they learned to walk. *Try* it!

Contact—and GO! That's TERRAPLANING!

THE TERRAPLANE SIX. The record-smasher that beat all comers up Pike's Peak, and will out-climb and out-accelerate every other stock-car except the Terraplane Eight. Now with standard tread, from $425 up, f.o.b. Detroit.

THE TERRAPLANE EIGHT. The roomiest car in the low-price field—the *only* car that will outperform the Terraplane Six—with airplane ratio of power-to-weight, $565 up, f.o.b. Detroit, now the lowest-priced straight eight in America.

Year-'round ventilation, of course—with full-opening windshield and sliding quarter windows.

### Hudson Reduces Prices

The Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, announces price reductions on Essex Terraplanes, the new Hudson Super-Sixes ($695 up—the lowest price for which a Hudson has ever been sold), and the Hudson Pacemaker Eights, Standard and Major Series ($975 up). Canadian prices also reduced by Hudson-Essex of Canada, Limited.

## Essex Terraplane——not just a car but a thrilling experience

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# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


## Next Week

"TAKE a day off," said Mr. Wallstone. "It will do me good." That is how Mr. Epher Ginsberg, senior partner of Cosmic Productions, happened one morning to be floating in the Pacific Ocean just west of Opal Beach. The fact in itself would be unimportant had it not chanced that the Princess Nila Erivan of Chekrelia was in the same ocean, not floating but sinking.

About the authenticity of the princess Mr. Ginsberg made extensive inquiry after he had hauled her ashore and just before he put her under contract. She was able to supply him with exact information about Chekrelia and with several facts, hitherto unknown, about coffin caravans and knife-throwing.

Hugh Wiley gives you the full story of this star that rose moistly in the West. She was good. "She Had to Be Good."

WITH this minor royalty disposed of, we call your attention to Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Josef Christian Olaf of Prussia, who is, despite his name, a farmer. But in addition he is a Hohenzollern, the eldest son of the former Crown Prince. Germany's monarchists have hopes nowadays that restoration of the monarchy is near. And looking over the candidates, they view with special favor this young man of twenty-six. Recently Mr. T. R. Ybarra spent a day with him at Schildberg, his country residence. In a direct and brilliant article he shows you the "Monarch in Waiting."

"SHE'S nineteen, and sort of tall, and has red hair. What I mean, it's red outdoors. Indoors, it's sort of gold." That was Bill Graydon's description of Joan. It did her something less than justice, but that's excusable because Bill was flustered. He had just been appointed her guardian by proxy and he wasn't nearly old enough for the responsibility. Just to top off his bewilderment, Joan had decided to elope. Bill was supposed to stand politely aside and wave her an affectionate farewell. He very nearly succeeded in doing it, but luckily, as Dana Burnet relates, something happened "Before the Honeymoon."

FANNIE HURST writes the Short Short Story. Albert Richard Wetjen contributes a story of the Malay Archipelago—"Hero Number Three." Henry A. Wallace in an important and exclusive interview with William G. Shepherd, gives his views of the farm problem. Bill Cunningham tells the inside story of prize-fight managers in "They Can't Hurt Us, Kid!" Don Marquis, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Alan LeMay and others make the entertainment complete. And irresistible.

## This Week

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**March 25, 1933**


**T. R. YBARRA**
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**JOHN ERSKINE**
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**H. I. PHILLIPS**
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**CLINTON W. GILBERT**
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*One Man Can Do It.* Page 50

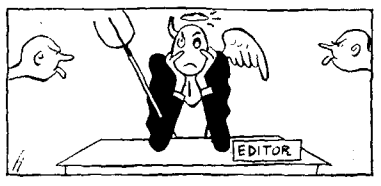

●

## Any Week

MR. JOE H. COLE of Mexico City advises us that Mexico, his adopted country, is now considering repaying the United States for the several interventions and paternalistic gestures we have made in behalf of unity, peace and concord below the Rio Grande. Mr. Cole says that Mexico is watching the situation in the United States very closely and is preparing to step in and set us straight when it becomes just a little more manifest that we can no longer properly run our own affairs.

SIMILARLY Mrs. Louise Glonicker of New Orleans wants to know whether this wouldn't be a pretty good time for Nicaragua to intervene in Louisiana and detail a few regiments of troops to supervise elections in that state "in the interests of democratic government."

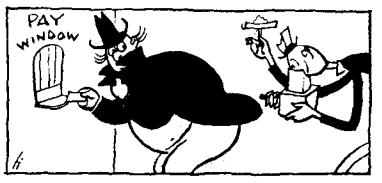
PERSONALLY, we have plenty of troubles of our own. Several readers are all worked up about the plight of our soul. You can imagine the quandary we're wallowing in. Here's a gentleman named Ajax Light of Baltimore demanding that we renounce all theocratic creeds and go "intelligently atheistic." It's our one chance, Mr. Light says, and not such a robust one either because he suspects we're pretty far gone. But Mr. F. P. N. Jones of Columbus, Ohio, thinks we're lost anyway. After reading us for twelve years he finds "indisputable facts to prove that you are God-hating, sin-loving and un-American and will spend eternity in hell." He might have added that we're not so good-looking either; but then one has to see us to appreciate that.




NOT that we want to interfere but we have a feeling that something might be done about what Mrs. Marjorie E. McNulty of Dunsmuir, California, tells us. "My husband," says she, "American-born of American parentage, is a railroad-car builder and inspector. He got three days' work at Thanksgiving, three more at Christmas, and so on. Each time he was called, it was a foreign-born foreman who called him. And he found that foreign-born labor was working six days a week. He complained and was told, 'We protect the foreigner here.'"

"DO MEMBERS of Congress have to observe all the laws they pass or have they been too confused to think of that?" asks Miss Cora W. Yeates of Cleveland, Ohio.

"BEING indebted to you for much good reading," writes Mr. Samuel F. George of Washington, D. C., "I would like to contribute a little idea which is yours for the taking. Why not assign a photographer to snap pictures of some of our public servants collecting their salaries, transportation expenses, and so forth? You can publish them under the caption: 'Is My Face Red?'"




"WHAT are we supposed to do during the wrangling over repeal?" asks Mr. Edward S. Copeland of Chicago. "Go right ahead with our drinking as usual?"

BUT maybe it's all because, as Mr. J. A. Holmes of Manhattan, Kansas, writes: "I think our government the world's finest in intent but the worst in practice." Or possibly the answer is to be found somewhere in this one from Mr. William S. Maulbetsch of Minneapolis, Minnesota. He is in favor of "repealing the whole Federal Constitution and proceeding under an unwritten one, like England, where only those parts of the Magna Charta she can remember are invoked."

MRS. ELIZABETH M. ZORETIC of Danville, Illinois, does not take kindly to mere "destructive criticism of existing political conditions." She wonders why the writers don't "tell us how to remove these evil influences—graft and pull—from our politics." We are pretty well convinced that there will be graft as long as there is government, but we know of no law compelling us to return grafters and incompetents to office after they've demonstrated their unfitness. But, law or no law, we seem to do it.

AND Mr. Louis Braunheim of Fort Worth, Texas, wishes it known that he has paid his income tax. "And I just made it, too," he adds; "it took all but one well-worn nickel. So I bought Collier's with what was left and tried to forget."

MR. KID FISHMAN of Mobile, Alabama, "a lightweight who wins with his brains," invites us to become his manager. "You can call me Kid Collier's and I will be a great ad for you, wearing the name on my bathrobe as I enter and leave the ring. When I am champion of the world you can print the story of my life in your magazine. You just get me the fights and I will do the rest."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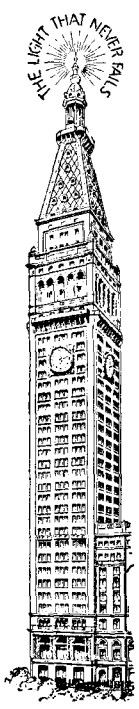
# Keep Them Husky

IF YOUR child has never been brought into close contact with anyone who has tuberculosis, you can count yourself lucky because boys and girls are more susceptible to the disease than grown people. Most children who pick up tuberculosis germs get them from someone who has an active although often an unrecognized case of the disease.

Whenever a child is found to be infected, there should be an immediate search for the source of the infection. A child may be in daily association with an older person who is entirely unaware of the fact that he or she has tuberculosis which can be transmitted to others. The condition is probably thought to be chronic asthma or bronchitis.

However, why guess about possible infection? You can almost always find out by the simple tuberculin test whether or not your child has picked up any germs of tuberculosis.

If he has become infected, you will want to take the next step—have an X-ray examination to learn whether or not any harm has been done or is being done. Even though the germs are lying dormant, an infected child ought to be under medical care and carefully watched.




Many tuberculosis experts are of the opinion that the majority of the active cases of tuberculosis in adult life are partly or largely traceable to infection in childhood.

Despite all the progress that has been made in fighting the disease, it still causes more deaths and more invalidism between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. Be on guard. Use all the help afforded by science to protect your children.

If detected in its earliest form, most cases of tuberculosis can easily be controlled and arrested. But if cases are permitted to develop to the point where the familiar first signs appear—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough—there comes a long battle which can be won only with expert medical care, proper food and rest.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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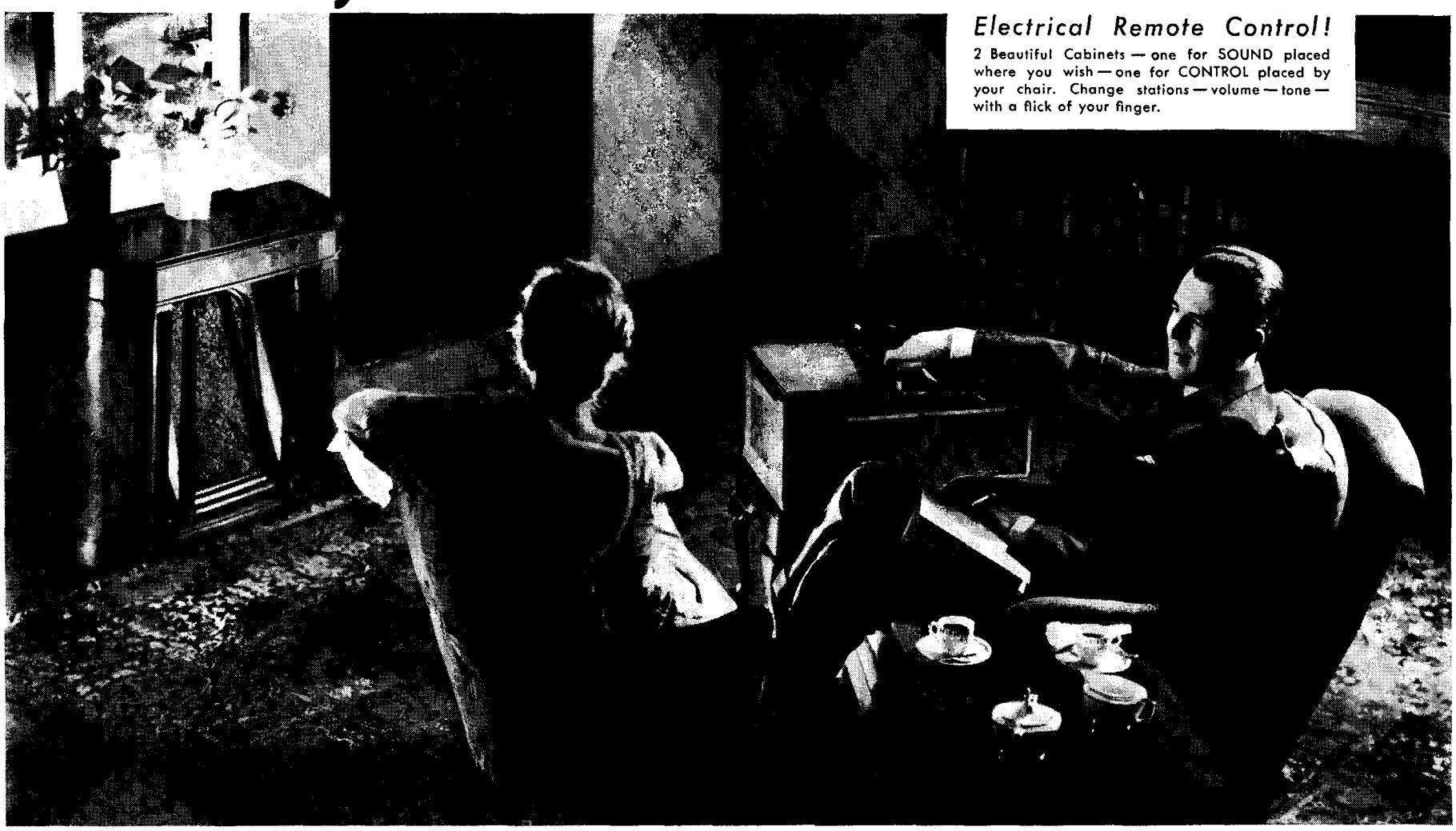
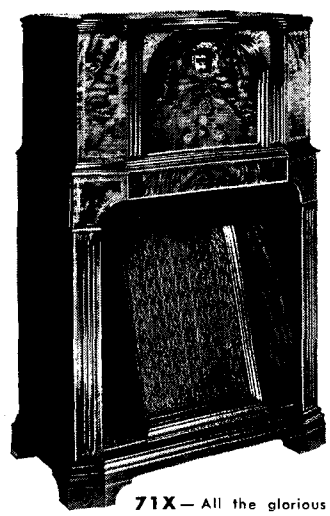
# *Find a new joy in radio..* through PHILCO LAZY-X



*Electrical Remote Control!*

2 Beautiful Cabinets — one for SOUND placed where you wish — one for CONTROL placed by your chair. Change stations — volume — tone — with a flick of your finger.



**71X** — All the glorious tone quality of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board in this exquisite full size X model for just $80.

No need to leave your comfortable chair to tune in a new station when you want a different program. Right beside your chair the beautiful Control Cabinet places everything on the air at your command!

With your hand resting lazily on the controls — you can regulate volume — control tone — switch from Columbia to N. B. C. — back again to Columbia or to a local program as the spirit moves you!

PHILCO Electrical Remote Control is simple — convenient. You change stations so effortlessly that you listen to twice as many of them — enjoy twice as much variety in programs. And all the glorious beauty of PHILCO tone — the tone quality only the inclined sounding board makes possible — comes to you at its best from the exceptionally attractive Sound Cabinet across the room.

Lazy-X is complete. No extras to buy. It is PHILCO'S supreme achievement in producing Balanced Unit Radio.

PHILCO offers the great, new Lazy-X in two models — both with electrical remote control — the superb 14 Lazy-X at $150 — and a smaller 19 Lazy-X at $100 for those who do not require quite so much power and distance. The height of radio luxury at less than half the previous cost of *mechanical* remote control.

Lazy control with built-in speaker in the 19 Lazyboy at $65.

See Lazy-X at the nearest PHILCO radio dealer's store, or, better still, try Lazy-X for 2 or 3 days in your own home. Hear it. Buy it. Relax and enjoy the last word in radio performance and convenience.

**The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board**
(Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes tend to travel in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears. Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get *a preponderance of lows and the reception* would tend to sound "boomy".

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Ewing Galloway

Yokohama; a busy street in Japan's principal seaport

# Another "Fight to End Fighting"

## *An exclusive interview with the Japanese Ambassador to the United States*

## By T. R. Ybarra

FIRST, Manchuria. Second, Shanghai. Third, Jehol.

First, military occupation of a huge slice of Chinese territory. Second, military attack on one of the most important of Chinese cities. Third, military penetration of a Chinese border province, seemingly presaging a thrust at China.

Those successive stages of Japanese action on the Asiatic mainland—which had aroused amazement, apprehension and resentment throughout the world, especially in America—provided the motive which led me to call upon His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, and ask him to state, for the information of the American public, the point of view of Japan in her conflict with China.

A few months before, that eminent Englishman, Lord Lytton, had signed a report containing severe criticisms of Japanese policy and, just before my visit to the Ambassador at the Japanese Embassy in Washington, an interview with Lord Lytton had appeared in Collier's, in which he told of a Japan marching in uncompromising mood toward the realization of grandiose ambitions—a Japan "wrapped in dynamite."

*Japan is not loquacious. Assailed by disapproval and rebuke, she has had little to say. With Oriental reserve she has stated her position in the controversy with China but has not chosen to elaborate. Here for the first time you are shown the attitude of the average Japanese. His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, replying to the interview with Lord Lytton published in Collier's, explains the reasons behind his country's actions*

At first Ambassador Debuchi was averse to talking.

"I am no propagandist," he told me, "and I do not care to speak in my official capacity." Then, after a few moments of thought, he said—with the radiant smile which has made him one of the most popular members of the Washington diplomatic corps:

"But what I should like to do is to explain the point of view of the man in the street in Tokyo regarding Manchuria, China and America."

I knew that it had behooved Mr. Debuchi during his distinguished career, in Japan and out of it, not only to keep in touch with the beliefs of the average Japanese but also to understand those of average men in other lands. I knew that he had been Japanese vice consul at Seoul in Korea—one of the principal bones of contention between his country and China; that he had been secretary of the Japanese Legation at the Chinese capital when Japan presented her fa-



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mous Twenty-one Demands; that he had followed up years of diplomatic activity in Europe by joining the Japanese Embassy staff in Washington; that he had participated in the Disarmament Conference there; and that, after serving as Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs at Tokyo, he had returned to the United States in 1928 as Japanese Ambassador and remained here ever since.

It was the psychological moment for an utterance from him on the Japanese-Chinese conflict. And, persuaded at last, he began to set forth, smoothly and smilingly, what he declared was the attitude of the average native of Japan on the questions which have plunged the Far East into bloodshed and focussed world-wide attention on the Japanese Foreign Office and the Japanese army. As he spoke, he drew a picture of a Japan not exactly wrapped in dynamite, yet poised, nevertheless, against a background of obdurate will-power and relentless purpose.

Our talk turned first to two matters which have cropped up repeatedly in recent writings about the Far Eastern crisis—most recently in the Lytton interview: Japan's denial that she is an aggressor in her dispute with China and her claim that her policy today is the

Geisha girls—adequately protected against the weather

direct consequence of unjust treatment meted out to her in the past by other great powers.

To illustrate the general view held in Japan, Mr. Debuchi turned from the present to events of many years ago.

"You remember," he said, "that in 1894 Japan had a war with China. At that time China seemed a giant in comparison with Japan—she was bigger in everything. She had a bigger army and a bigger navy; in fact, when we fought China, the Chinese had two armored cruisers and we had none at all. At that time China dreamed of conquering us—indeed, the conquest of Japan was a pet dream of Li Hung Chang, the most famous of Chinese statesmen. He wanted to place Japan under his thumb, and, for that purpose, he built a large navy. China also wanted to bring Korea under her influence. So in self-defense Japan was forced to open fire on China.

"We won the war. And we obtained, as part of the prize of our victory, the Liaotung peninsula. But Russia stepped in and forced us to return this territory to China in the name of the maintenance of peace in the Far East. Germany and France joined Russia in this intervention. Poor Japan, after two years of struggle, was forced to give up Liaotung.

"I was a schoolboy then and well I remember those bitter days! On the streets stood crowds of men and women, gazing through their tear-stained eyes at the proclamation of the Emperor telling what had happened. 'Forbearance!' counseled the imperial proclamation. And we Japanese obeyed—though we wept with disappointment.

"The Manchurian question goes back to those bitter tears shed by the people of Japan. They are at the root of the feeling of the Japanese man in the street toward what is now happening in Manchuria.

### Another Case of Self-Defense

"A few years later Russia, unbeknown to us, forced China to sign a secret Chinese-Russian alliance. Then she obtained from the Chinese government important railroad concessions in Manchuria, and also a leasehold at the tip of the Liaotung peninsula. Gradually she consolidated her position in Manchuria; and finally, after the Boxer uprising of 1900, her great opportunity came. She rushed troops into Manchuria, planning not only to become predominant there but to extend her influence over Korea.

"The policy of the Open Door, announced by the United States, was deliberately disregarded by Russia. Foreign consuls and foreign trade were practically eliminated. Other powers protested—but in vain.

"We Japanese could not sit by with folded arms while Russia steadily crept forward in Manchuria and reached out for Korea. The security of Japan was directly involved.

"So Japan again took up arms. Again it was for us a case of self-defense—in fact, this time, of life and death.

"Think, please, of Russia as she was at that time—in 1904! And think, please, of Japan! A giant against a baby! But Japan simply had to fight—the situation was intolerable. It was very clear that Russia meant to annex Manchuria and Korea also.

"Korea in Russian hands would be a dagger aimed at Japan's heart. We Japanese embarked upon the war resolved to dash that dagger aside or perish. For us there could be no weighing of the consequences of possible defeat. We went into the war as into a great and sacred adventure.

"Fortunately for Japan, the war ended in a Japanese victory. We obtained from Russia, not from China, only the territory which China had leased to Russia and some railroad rights in Manchuria. The rest of Manchuria was restored to China, despite the fact (which we had learned too late) that China had been Russia's secret ally. Had she but known that, Japan would certainly have demanded from China concessions of such importance that the Manchurian problem, which has bothered the world so much since, might never have arisen.

### That Shanghai Incident

"The result of Japan's victory over Russia was not alone the restoration of Manchuria to China but also the restoration to the world of the Open Door principle in Manchuria. This double result meant for Japan the sacrifice of 100,000 lives and the shouldering of a staggering financial burden."

"Since the conclusion of the Portsmouth Treaty, Japan has invested about two billion yen in various enterprises in Manchuria and has made the territory the most advanced part of China. Unfortunately, however, China has entirely disregarded these facts, and has persistently conspired to undermine Japan's special position in Manchuria, sowing the seeds of ill feeling between the two nations.

"It was into this tense atmosphere that the incident of September, 1931, was suddenly projected. And—viewed

Japan Tourist Bureau

Keystone View

Japanese methods of cultivating rice have defied progress. Below, fishermen hauling their net with a primitive windlass

Acme

His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi and his family under the Japanese cherry trees in Washington

in a general way—the whole course of Japan since that clash has again been based essentially on self-defense.

"As for what occurred at Shanghai, it was an isolated and very unfortunate incident. Our forces, violently attacked by the Chinese, naturally reacted violently. When armed forces, subject to great excitement, face each other, violence is usually the result. In view of the tense atmosphere on both sides, a person of intelligence can scarcely wonder that a clash occurred.

"Now, however, Japan's troops are no longer in Shanghai and she has claimed no political or territorial advantage as a result of the fighting there. So the Shanghai incident may be considered closed."

Just as he had minimized the importance of the Shanghai fighting, Ambassador Debuchi also refused to attach serious significance to the occupation by Japanese troops of Shanhaikwan, the first prize in China proper to fall to them during the attack launched early this year.

"After all, Shanhaikwan, barely inside the Great Wall, is only a small town," he said. "And it is a great exaggeration to say that Japan, having occupied it, is occupying territory inside the Great Wall of China—in other words, territory in China proper. Shanhaikwan lies in a narrow strip of land between the Great Wall and the sea; it

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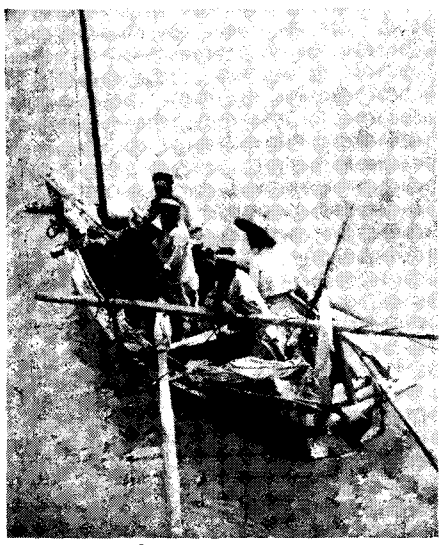
is situated really on the line of defense of the new state of Manchukuo [the republic set up last year with Japanese backing in Manchuria]. Besides, Japan is occupying Shanhaikwan merely temporarily.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "Japan and China, in their dealings with each other, are like two brothers—or I might, perhaps, say [here a particularly broad smile illuminated the Ambassador's face] like husband and wife. Time will settle their differences. They have too much in common for permanent causes of quarreling. Most of the Japanese are Buddhists; so are most of the Chinese. Both nations use chopsticks when they eat. Both have the same color of skin and the same character.

"And remember this: there has been in our era only one Chinese-Japanese war. As a matter of fact, there is a warm feeling of sympathy between the man in the street in Tokyo and the man in the street in Nanking. Unfortunately, however, the man in the street in Nanking is often influenced by Chinese politicians; quite reluctantly he has been led by them in some cases to boycott Japanese goods. But the law of supply and demand will always, in the long run, adjust business relations between China and Japan—as soon as the activities of Chinese politicians cease."



*Lucian Kirtland* *Japan Tourist Bureau* *Lucian Kirtland*

**Western civilization has invaded the cities of Japan, leaving the outlying districts unchanged. Compare these north coast fishermen and primitive Ainus with the scenes in the center from westernized Tokyo**

"Is there any general feeling in Japan that she should enforce a sort of Japanese Monroe Doctrine for the Far East?" I asked.

"Yes. Some Japanese advocate such a thing. And, while we are on this subject, I should like to call to your mind just what the Monroe Doctrine is, and just what the trend of public opinion in the United States is regarding it. Is not the Monroe Doctrine considered a thing based essentially on self-defense?

### No Compromise on Manchukuo

"We Japanese are very much concerned about the Far East—about the new state of Manchukuo in particular. The man in the street in Tokyo feels that our stand regarding Manchukuo must be uncompromising. The independence of Manchukuo must be maintained by every means—by force, if need be. Japan's attitude in the Far East is certainly grounded on self-defense.

"And what about Manchukuo? How does the average Japanese feel about it?

"He says: 'Well, the child has been born. It is only a few months old. We must give it the best of care and the best sort of education. Those who have misgivings about it must wait one or two decades. Then the baby which is now called Manchukuo will be a bright young man by that name.'

"Why talk so much about a baby? Why criticize it so severely? Time will prove Japan's sincere intention to be a stabilizing force in the Far East.

"She has absolutely no territorial ambitions in Manchuria—of that I can assure you positively. What Japan wants is peace, order, prosperity and progress in the Far East, especially in territories close to her own.

"Woodrow Wilson called the World War the 'war to end war.' Japan has become engaged in the 'fight to end fighting.' She is using her troops in Manchuria to create a state of enduring peace and order; to make secure the lives of 30,000,000 inhabitants who have been mercilessly oppressed by bandits and military lords.

"I fully understand American sentiments. I fully appreciate American hatred of war and fighting. But I can assure Americans that the fighting in Manchuria will soon be over and that peace will be restored there."

This led to consideration of Lord Lytton's characterization of present-day Japan as a nation in a mood constituting a menace to the world—"wrapped in dynamite."

Ambassador Debuchi shook his head dubiously over that phrase.

"I really don't know quite what Lord Lytton meant by that," he said. "To my mind, it doesn't give an accurate picture of the Japanese man in the street." The Ambassador mused a few moments as if searching his mind for words in which to clothe his own conception of his fellow countrymen. Then he told me:

### The Unthinkable War

"The Japanese are very kind-hearted. They become very weak when they see tears in somebody's eyes. But, at the same time, they are very firm. Let me put it this way: a Japanese will willingly share his last piece of bread with a starving man; but he will knock that man down if he tries to snatch away the piece of bread. We Japanese are weak to the weak, strong to the strong."

Every talk about present problems in the Far East inevitably leads up to the question: Is there danger of war between the United States and Japan? Ambassador Debuchi answered it emphatically:

"No! Certainly not!" Then he took up one angle of the war danger to which most people pay little attention:

"Of course there is wild talk on both sides of the Pacific Ocean," he said, "but—the Pacific is 4,000 miles wide! Now, I am not an admiral. I don't know a thing about naval warfare. But my good common sense tells me that Japan and the United States are too far apart for war—4,000 miles is a long, long way!

"Aside from that," he continued, "sober-thinking people in Japan—the well-balanced man in the street in Tokyo, for instance—believe that the two countries must and will remain good friends. They believe this because of the economic relations between the two countries, which complement each other, and because of the cultural relations existing between the United States and Japan.

"Constitutionally, the Emperor can declare war by himself. But whatever money is to be spent on war by Japan must be voted by the Japanese Parliament. Now, war in these days is a very costly thing. War without money is really impossible."

### Why Japan Needs Manchuria

And that brought us back to Manchuria—the head of every discussion nowadays of Far Eastern affairs.

"In his interview, Lord Lytton called the cloud over Manchuria a threatening storm," I reminded the Ambassador. "Was he right?"

"Yes. The cloud over Manchuria had certainly become threatening. But it is disappearing. Gradually we shall be able to see clear sky over Manchuria. Under this clearing sky we shall soon see millions of Manchurian farmers carrying their soy beans to market, using the recently issued bank notes for their purchases. This paper money is actually at a slight premium over the par value of silver due to the favorable trade balance. And that, I think, may be termed the silver lining to the Manchurian cloud."

As justification for Japanese control over Manchuria one hears constantly of Japan's absolute need of a Manchurian outlet for her enormous annual increase of population, which would otherwise overcrowd the Japanese islands to the bursting point. Here Ambassador Debuchi took issue with the view generally held in Japan. He acknowledged that her control over Manchuria was imperative, but not primarily because she must make that land a home for Japanese emigrants.

"The man in the street in Tokyo thinks wholesale emigration to Manchuria a good thing for alleviating the effects of the increase in the Japanese population," he said, "but I do not agree with him. Mine, to be sure, is merely a personal view, but as regards Manchuria, I do not think it suitable for absorbing large masses of my fellow countrymen. The Chinese farmers in Manchuria live so cheaply that the

*(Continued on page 35)*

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# Erginette

## *If woman upset the Garden of Eden, what*

SHE was born just after the great famine, in the first year of Technocracy. You recall how it happened. When the food gave out, Congress went home, and the Twelve took charge.

They issued a rallying call to all who had the scientific spirit and the gift for solidarity, and when echoes of the invitation reached Russia, her parents slipped out and came over, from one famine to another, because it was in their temperament to support the newest thing.

*In origin* they were partly Slavic. Her father was a short, stoutish man with a dark beard and a deep voice. He derived his happiness from his violin, and his income from a needle and thread. Since the Twelve had intimated that all masters in a craft were to be housed together, he imagined an unlimited future of fiddling, in a society of string players, but on his arrival he learned the first principle of our Technocracy—that art is nobody's business.

He was installed in one of a row of cubicles, metallic caves economically stamped out, and there, for four hours a day, four days a week, he furnished personal energy to the state. Twenty thousand energy units a year. The state called them "ergs." Twenty thousand ergs were credited to him in advance on the citizen ticket which he carried in the upper left pocket of his vest. It pleased him to be rated at such horsepower.

For his residence among the other needle pushers, for clothing, food, medical care or what not, for the education of his children, he paid, not in money, which is a volatile medium and wavering, but in ergs, which are there when you want them, provided you don't lose your ticket. He arranged the pocket so that he could button the ticket in, and though he often went without his coat, he never took off his vest.

He liked to pay with ergs. It gave him a vital contact with reality to see the butcher punch the ticket—half an erg for a chop, two ergs for a steak. Dramatic, and pointing to philosophic depths! The energy of his body in exchange for the energy of the cow's body, or the lamb's! The exchange was perhaps a bit one-sided, the cow and the lamb not getting anything out of it, but that was a vestige of capitalism, and would be remedied with time.

THE mother was also short and dark, but not stout. She had a fire in her black eyes which her husband lacked and, though she listened to his dreams of a perfect world, she had a gift for getting on with things as they are. A precise housekeeper she was, and a poignant cook, not unwilling to preserve as long as possible the youthful charm of her figure, in spite of an idealistic husband and two children. At the expense of the merest fraction of an erg she made the family cubicle look so much like an old-fashioned home that the neighbors on each side whispered. To quiet suspicion she gave the state, in all public matters, a studied and scrupulous obedience.

The two children came with her from Russia, and if she had known the Technocratic opinion in time, she would have ventured on no more. But when the Twelve, having compared the abundance of energy units with the scarcity of food, decreed the average number of children per family should be 2.1739+, her third was already on the way.

A daughter. To show her good will she called it Erginette.

From her first breath the child was a model. She accepted nourishment when it was presented to her, she entertained herself when left alone, she slept when sleep was expected of her, and when invited to coo or smile for visitors, she did so, especially if they were men. Her mother thought it was their deep voices.

She was, in short, the example and justification of the Technocratic State, offspring of forethought, flower of regimented habits and scientific diet, as thrillingly at peace with her universe as a spinning dynamo.

BY THE time she was ready for school, even the jealous neighbors admitted she was a beauty, and in the unkind manner of neighbors they made much of the fact that she had red hair. A rich, vital, bricky red. Her eyes were black, and her mother thought they closely resembled, in expression, her father's. There were moments when they had a dreamy or musical cast. But most of the time they were wide awake and cheerful, and her body, like her mother's, was something to look at twice. The red hair was thought to be a throwback to a second cousin, once removed.

Erginette took after her mother in more than looks. Her father found this and that to criticize in Technocracy. His employment was steady but limited in scope, there was no field for initiative, too little reward or even attention for excellence. The fiddle-playing of his associates was atrocious. The wide stretches of leisure, which might have gone to the handling of liberal ideas, his own ideas, over a mug of Technocratic ale, went to pinochle. Once more he was disillusioned, and in his heart ripe for another revolution, if one could be found and the railway fare could be paid for in ergs.

But Erginette, like her mother, was content. Enthusiastic, rather. Almost a fanatical devotee. She liked whatever she was born to. She liked her home, she liked her school. She adored her big brother for his brains, though he had few, and admired her much bigger sister for her looks, though the poor girl was father to the life, in spite of the Technocratic gland doctors. She liked her lessons. She liked her teacher and her classmates, and they had to like her. She saw to it.

If she caught sight of an awkward little creature sulking in a corner of the playground, temporarily avoided by her heartless mates because she was midway in the process of changing first teeth for second, and besides was suffering at the moment from hiccoughs, Erginette would go over and charm the wretch. She could vamp the lamp-post. Did, in fact, for practice.

But all this was only by the way, the overflowing of a full happiness. Her mental alertness was even more notable than her cordial manners. In her earliest essays, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, when many girls are not at their steadiest, she delighted her teacher with her precocious grasp of the Technocratic ideal. She understood the principles of scientific government, she knew to a dot the method by which the government functioned, she had at her tongue's end the names of all the officials, even of the Twelve, and she had a surprising acquaintance with the details of their personal life.

On even a higher plane, she had a vision, beyond her years, of the social and ethical implications. Child though she was, she could bring tears to your eyes by a short theme—not more than four pages in longhand, and only one side of the page—describing human nature as it would be when the system began to tell. Her teacher's eyes were frequently moist in silent gratitude. The teacher was a brainy woman, unmarried.

As she grew older, Erginette's mind became even more arresting—I had almost said disturbing. Though she remained docile, though she worshiped Technocracy with every ounce of her vibrant youth, though her voice shook you as she read her essays before the class, and her dark eyes grew large and glamorous with fervor, yet she pushed her worship to the point where she seemed to be praising the wrong thing. Her teacher worried, but withheld criticism, lest the flow of inexperienced inspiration should be checked.

There was that theme, for example, on Technocratic Discipline, in which she pointed out, properly enough, that the habitual submission of the human will to the universal social need was an education in oneness with all truth, such an introduction to harmony as the stars acquire by gravitating from age to age in their orbits.

At that point the teacher planned to mark the theme A+. But without lifting an eyebrow, without altering an accent or a tone, Erginette hastened to say that if she were a man she would like to be the Chairman of the Twelve, or God, and tell the stars to move on or where to get off. The sentence slipped in by accident, and the teacher refrained from comment, for fear of suggesting unorthodox ideas to the young girl.

IN THE same paper there was another danger spot, but less grave. Erginette was arguing that the regimented hours, weeks, months, of Technocracy were not monotonous, as the ill-informed might think, but a succession of adventures and ecstasies. The teacher found this expression slightly exaggerated, overpoetical. Then Erginette went on to say, in that demure reasonableness of hers, that if any society with men and women in it proved *monotonous*, you had yourself to blame. A wholesome sentiment, perhaps, but it seemed to glance away from the pure theory of the Technocrats to the old rough-and-tumble pragmatism of the bourgeois.

These, however, were but flitting clouds in a miraculous heaven. Erginette became known, even before she *graduated*, as the most promising genius of the system, a voice inspired and inspiring, who would consecrate the labors and sacrifices of these days to generations yet to come, in imperishable utterance. They weren't sure she would use verse or prose, but it would be one of them.

At graduation she took first prize, and in a fluent oration said goodby to the school, to the principal, to the teachers, to the parents, as graduating children will, and pronounced a genial welcome to the larger life, to society, to the world, and to the universe. Seven members of the Twelve, happening to be in town, came to hear her, among them the Chairman, a tall man of middle years and bald, who gazed at her thoughtfully and seemed pleased. His wife was along, a direct, close-following person with no ear for oratory.

Yet no harm would have been done if Erginette had left out her peroration. After she had said all the farewells on behalf of herself and the class, and had pronounced all the welcomes, she might have sat down amid unreserved applause, even from the Chairman's wife. But she grew over-poetical, as her teacher feared. She had laid the main part of the manuscript before the teacher, for advice, but at the last impulsive moment she added two pages.

SHE let her fancy dwell on the Technocratic world as it would be when Technocracy had still further gilded the lily. She groped for an image or parallel of this ultimate perfection. Falteringly she suggested the life of the bee. That admirable insect, she reminded them, had achieved to an exceptional degree the social team play after which man aspires.

And especially she praised in the bee the control of ergs or energy units. How could the little creatures have guessed the Technocratic secret? She praised the division of labor, by which the energy units were directed where they would do the most good.

Her teacher, a little nervous over this unexpected coda, here let her knees relax and sank back in her chair, glad to see the oration go up in a cloud of prettiness instead of dynamite.

But then Erginette added a sentence, in her sweet and self-effacing voice. She illustrated the division of toil and the control of energy units among the bees. Those bees, she said, who were no good as lovers were sterilized and put to work, and the born lovers gave all their time to it.

There was a paragraph more, but no one heard. The Chairman's wife took him home. The applause was loud but uncertain. Several people began and then stopped midway, having got the idea. One or two men turned red, as though they had thought of a joke at a funeral, and those women who did not look grim glanced slyly at one another or down at the floor.

The principal, handing Erginette her diploma, showed signs of irritation, but he held himself in, and the teacher explained to him afterward that genius has its erratic moments, when even the young and uninitiated put words together which make terrifying sense to the jaded and experienced.

At supper that night the family talked it over. Papa thought it a good speech, the portions he understood, and he was proud of the way she read it, so modest and refined. Most American children were bold. She owed her correct training, he felt, less to the school than to Mommer.

Mommer thought she should have shaken out her skirt when she stood up, so that the dress would have hung better.

Big Sister was glad she was related to a highbrow. And Big Brother, in his vulgar habit, wanted to know where the kid had found out the facts of life.

Erginette smiled at them all, an affectionate purring kind of smile, and when the table was cleared she began sorting out some bits of cardboard, to which she attached an evident importance.

"What's them?" asked Big Brother.

"Ergs."

She said it as though nothing could be more natural, and Papa dropped the evening paper.

"Whose ergs?"

"The boys', Papa."

*(Continued on page 28)*

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# *couldn't she do to the engineers' Perfect State?* By John Erskine

*Anton Bruehl*

She was the example and justification of the Technocratic State, offspring of forethought, flower of regimented habits and scientific diet

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# Particles of Faith

## By H. I. Phillips

I BELIEVE in the United States, even when Huey Long is talking.

I believe that, while Uncle Sam got into a whirlpool and suffered badly from submersion, the pulmotor got there in time and that he will be all right now that they've pumped most of the water out of his system.

I believe he was neglecting his swimming lessons anyhow and was getting very careless about where he did his high diving.

I believe the old boy will be better for the scare, the internal bath and the realization that he is by tradition and training a practical, hard-working realist with plenty of horse sense, and not the giddy, light-headed surfboard exhibitionist he thought he was when the big wave hit him.

I believe in the loyalty, common sense and courage of the average American in time of adversity and in his inherent ability to take one on the chin, get up before the count of ten, hit fast-ball pitching and get going through a broken field just when you think it's time for the final whistle.

I believe the Wolf at the Door is getting pretty discouraged and will wind up in a national dish labeled "chicken livers."

I believe railroads will continue to be common to the eye and ear in this country for years to come and that people will be buying railroad tickets, putting money in the bank and getting paid off in real money long after Technocracy is remembered merely as something common to the era of jig-saw puzzles, radio crooners, all-you-can-eat-for-sixty-cents menus and Jimmy Walker's pajamas.

I believe the future of America will be far from gloomy and that it will include motor cars, electric washing machines, airplanes, yachts and homes with outdoor swimming pools; and that, contrary to fears so frequently expressed, there will be no return to the horse and buggy and the high-wheeled bicycle, the kerosene lamp and the old-fashioned home that used to keep the best rooms shut except when company came.

I believe that people will continue to use the telephone and the telegraph, and that there will be no return to smoke signals and the pony express as means of communication.

I believe there is not a Chinaman's chance of the American housewife ever going back to the old-fashioned wooden ice box with the drip pan underneath.

I believe it will continue to be the attainable ambition of every American to own his own home and that there is no danger of his developing a permanent yen for a log cabin and a chance to shoot a bear for winter provisions.

I believe that, much as we pity ourselves for the recent smash-up, we should have seen the signals; that we had it coming to us and that it was a darned good thing we got hit before we got any softer.

I believe this country, founded on the principles of industry and thrift, was becoming a nation of joy-riders, hitch-hikers and slightly hysterical tight-wire walkers, and that the elimination of this delusion will do us good. I believe the delay in the recovery was due to too many doctors and that the patient is now out of all danger if the specialists don't return.

I believe that no matter how trying life seems in America these days, we should give a thought to our pioneer forefathers and realize that, after all, we don't have to fight Indians, or use a gun to get our groceries, and that there is no danger of the wife and kiddies getting scalped while we are downtown three or four days looking for bear meat.

I believe the chicken-in-every-pot idea was a bad thing for national digestion, due to the fact that in those turgid days too many people forgot to remove the feathers before eating, and that if the boom had continued we would have soon demanded ostrich.

I believe the country has definitely abandoned black magic, legerdemain, hocus-pocus and medicine-man tactics in business and social relations, and no longer thinks Ethics the name of a small town on the Connecticut River or one of Queen Elizabeth's most troublesome suitors.

I believe the slump will have proved of some benefit if it does nothing more than teach the average man that he can't find a royal road to riches by playing stock tips given him by barbers, gas-meter inspectors, ashmen and stenographers whose brothers "know a policeman who has a cousin who works for J. P. Morgan."

I believe that everything will come out all right in the wash and that one of the blessings of a depression is that it gives us more time for washing.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR OLD PAL RUDIE, THE ICEMAN?
ON YOUR WAY!
WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HIT ME, I CAN TAKE IT!
HISTORICAL WAXWORKS
OOPS! MY FOOT SLIPPED!
SPECIALISTS, BEWARE THE DOG! UNCLE SAM
SELF-SERVICE GROCERY
HEY, YOU, WATCH MY CAR FOR ME
UNCLE SAM CONJURER
STOCK TIPS
GARBAGE
T. G. COOPER

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# Painless Statesman

## By Clinton W. Gilbert

CASTING about for a name to apply to Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, Washington has decided to call him "the fair-haired boy" of the new administration. It tried "the spokesman" of the new President for a few days but the title did not stick. Jimmy has a way of laughing off heavy dignities like that of being the oracle that knows what the White House thinks. Besides, the relation between the lively senator from South Carolina and the smiling man in the White House bears all the marks of being intimate and personal.

Perhaps one may form some impression of the new President from his taste in men, if one may judge anyone so catholic in his human relations as Mr. Roosevelt is, who, like Browning's Duchess, likes whatever he looks on and his looks go everywhere. Still Jimmy seems to be a special and sudden favorite.

What other recent President would have taken a sudden fancy to Jimmy Byrnes, provided that party barriers did not interfere? Theodore Roosevelt would have found him an amusing companion. Harding had two or three friends in the Senate, good sports with low I. Q.'s—some wit said they were chosen as companions because they put no strain on Harding's intelligence. Coolidge was parsimonious in his personal relations, making no new friends in Washington, clinging to his few old friends — old Mr. Frank Stearns, who was a kind of benevolent uncle to him; Mr. Dwight Morrow, who had been in college with him and who kept him in contact with the big world of finance; Ted Clark and Jimmy White, who had been with him in Massachusetts.

C. J. Post

Jimmy Byrnes is "the fair-haired boy" of the new administration

### A Highly Practical Jester

Mr. Hoover's friends are of long association too, in business or in Belgian relief work. If there was one of Mr. Hoover's friends who was lively and sparkling like Jimmy Byrnes I have never heard of him. They were solid fellows out of whose inside pockets you would expect to see drawn a blueprint or a book of statistics.

All of this sounds as if Jimmy Byrnes were the king's jester. And I suppose he is in the sense, at least, that he owes his swift rise to prominence in Washington—he has only been in the Senate two years—to his lively tongue and to his capacity to make the moments pass lightly.

But with all his airy manner the South Carolina senator is a solid person. He has had years of experience in the Appropriations Committee of the House. He introduced the bill to give Mr. Roosevelt large powers to cut government expenses and his advice on where the knife shall be applied will be important. And when Mr. Roosevelt had a conference with the Democratic leaders of Congress in New York, Byrnes, with only two years in the Senate, and with no place in the Senate hierarchy, was one of the five senators invited.

If Mr. Roosevelt should appoint Senator Joseph T. Robinson to the bench, as is often predicted, Byrnes, who is pretty well down toward the foot of the ladder of seniority in the Senate, might easily become his party's floor leader—at least he is one of the three commonly mentioned for that difficult post, not so much because he is a favorite of the new President but because of certain diplomatic gifts he has himself.

There are perils in being a favorite of the President. Washington is like a matrimonial market. When the eligible bachelor indicates a slight preference for Mary, all the other mammas with available daughters have heartburnings. So there are disadvantages in the Senate about being the President's friend. Every other senator's hand is against you. The court favorite usually finds himself undermined.

People pull me aside and tell me that Byrnes is going to be the President's spokesman in the Senate. But Jimmy is much too much the good fellow or much too smart—I leave this alternative undecided—to assume the "Ahem" manner of a President's spokesman.

If anyone could get away with being the President's spokesman it would be Jimmy Byrnes. Not even the favor of the White House would make him talk like an oracle. He dissembles his ambition behind a light and airy manner. He never lets you see that he takes himself entirely seriously and yet he never leaves on you the impression that he is just an amusing companion.

Behind that smiling countenance is a shrewd and calculating mind. He will leave on his fellow senators the impression that his connection with the new President is purely social, that he is welcome at the White House because he lightens the moments as they pass. Yet he will turn the connection to advantage without ever seeming to do so or seeming ever to have thought that he might do so.

### Laughing Off Jealousy

The Senate is full of its jealousies. And there is no one who arouses more jealousy among the members than the one who is a favorite at the White House. But it is hard to be jealous of a man who seems to be chosen largely for the nimbleness of his wit, the charm of his personality, the sprightliness of his conversation. The senators are heavy fellows. Jimmy Byrnes' line is not their line. So in a way he is not a rival of theirs.

It has often been said that no man who is a humorist can ever get himself taken seriously in political life. But I rack my brains in vain to think of a single remarkable witticism of his to put down here. His sparkle is casual, spontaneous, conversational. It does not bear putting down in black and white. Unaccompanied by his voice, manner, laughter, it is nothing. What you recall is chiefly the speaker's gayety, the swiftness with which his mind seizes on something and tosses it about airily for a moment and lets it go.

Nothing is ever labored. He does not take his lightness seriously. There is nothing professional about his humor. It springs from the occasion and dies with the occasion. It does not survive to plague him as did George Moses' more carefully thought-out wisecracks, which in the end had the cumulative effect of putting the New Hampshire senator some thousands behind his Democratic opponent in the recent election. And he never uses his cleverness to advertise himself, as Jim Ham Lewis in his best days did. He is gay for the benefit of the company that he is in and not to have somebody spread the reputation that he is a wit. For that purpose, and perhaps sometimes to dissemble his stratagems.

In a few words, Jimmy Byrnes has an art that no other senator in my time has had—the art of pushing ahead in the world pleasantly, the art of gaining power without seeming to realize it, without seeming to care for anything so much as enlivening the passing moments. As he said of another person very different from himself, "He doesn't look as if he could do it but he does." This was said, I think, as a tribute. Probably he realizes fully the advantages of his own art.

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*Introduce any two girls to a man like Derk Ranier—and watch the fireworks! The display when those Lyndon sisters met him was simply elegant, for—*

# They didn't know Nancy

## By Ruth Burr Sanborn

**"The most valuable jewel," said Derk. "Oh, I suppose that was the Ascension Diamond. But the most precious one to me. . . . Somehow today made me think of it"**

NANCY LYNDON sat on the back stairs and shook with pure, unmitigated rage. She flung the silver half-dollar from her as hard as she could, and it crashed through the glass in the door at the bottom of the stairs and vanished into the shrubbery.

"Please," said Nancy furiously to herself. "Please, please, please, *please!* All my life I've tried to please somebody, and this is what I get for it. Fifty cents!"

She sprang to her feet and raced up the stairs. Aunt Laetitia was floating along the hall. "What was that breaking?" she asked in her sweet, fretful voice.

"Nothing but my heart," said Nancy lightly.

IT WAS to be a great occasion. Derk Ranier was coming to dinner. Anyone who knew Derk Ranier—and people in more important places than Oldport knew who Derk Ranier was—would have understood what that meant.

Derk Ranier was stopping off in Oldport to visit his grandparents midway between a trip to Burma after rubies and a trip to Siam after sapphires—or something like that. Derk was field man for one of the great jewelers in New York, and he had been everywhere: Ceylon and Colombia and Peru and Java and the Andaman Islands—remoter places still, Walgett and Chantabon, and names you couldn't pronounce—wherever news came from of a jewel strange and rare. He was credited with having brought back from Egypt one of Cleopatra's emeralds, with Cleopatra's own likeness carved upon it—and had nearly been murdered before he laid it on a square of white velvet in Fifth Avenue. He had traveled through the jungle to the Pailin District above Bangkok, and found a star sapphire in the hand of an unknown dead man. Romantic things like that, thrilling and terrible. He had been entertained by the Princess Ileana, too—or so the rumor went—when he carried her a pair of matched pearls; he had ridden with the Prince of Wales and talked about a diamond. Nancy Lyndon had heard these things, of course. But it was Elaine who met Derk Ranier.

Nancy had gone to the train as usual to bring her father home from the 5:13. That night Elaine went with her. Old Mr. and Mrs. Ranier were there too, to meet their famous grandson—in the big old Condon Eight, a little too high in the head for strict fashion, but thoroughly aristocratic, like the Raniers themselves. Elaine went to talk to them while they waited. She looked very pretty in her pale blue suit.

"It must be rather an undertaking to entertain him," she murmured.

"That is true," Old Mrs. Ranier admitted, austerely troubled.

"If there's anything we can do. . . ."

"That's very kind of you, my dear," said Old Mrs. Ranier, relaxing a little. Elaine always looked so sweet and helpful. "Perhaps it may be that I shall call upon you. We are not able to go about now. And we know so few young people. . . ."

"Perhaps a little dinner party . . ."

"Quite charming of you, really," said Old Mrs. Ranier. "So like your mother. A very sweet woman. Your father coming, you say? Must you go? If you could wait a moment . . ."

So that was how Elaine met Derk Ranier.

"HE HAS a beautifully shaped head, hasn't he?" said Elaine dreamily, leaning back at ease while Nancy drove.

"Has he?" said Nancy. "I didn't notice. It must have been because he had his hat on."

"Of course," said Elaine, in the delicately reproving tone of one who instructs the ignorant, "he took his hat off." She added: "He's coming Friday night."

"What for?" said Nancy.

"For dinner," said Elaine. "Before the club dance."

Driving gave Nancy time to think—and she found herself thinking of Derk Ranier. She had not been entirely unobserving, after all. To be sure, she had not meant to look right at him as he passed. But somehow she found herself knowing that he was very tall and lean and brown, and that his nostrils were as thin and sensitive as his fingers, and his lips as straight as his brows, and that he had gray eyes and a long scar just at the edge of his hair. It was really surprising how you could find out so much without looking.

Nancy sighed. She knew how it would be. But she pretended that she didn't. She allowed herself to be a little excited about the coming of Derk Ranier.

It was to be a small dinner; Elaine said so. "Just the family. And of course Caroline for George." She did not suggest asking another man for Nancy.

NANCY spent a great deal of thought on that dinner. It was hard to arrange a meal that wasn't queer to please seven people. Nancy ought to be able to do it though, by this time. She'd had experience.

Nancy had had a lot of experience in pleasing people since her mother died. Mrs. Lyndon had been a dear, sweet, good, kind woman, but she had let her family grow accustomed to being pleased. Then she had died when Benny was born—and left Nancy to please them. Nancy was so busy doing it—especially after Aunt Laetitia came to help and had to be pleased also—that she never noticed until he was four that Benny had no name except Poor Motherless Baby. "Poor Motherless Baby!" he screamed one day when he was having a tantrum. Mr. Lyndon looked through the dictionary and named the child Benoni; he said it meant Son of My Sorrow. They spoiled Benny so thoroughly that he was harder to please than any of the others.

Nancy stood in front of the mirror that night before Derk Ranier came—and was rather pleased herself. She had not been able to afford a new dress;

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*Illustrated by Robert O. Reid*

**The garage man said it was the strangest case he had ever known; every other thing, he said, was missing**

the one she had borrowed from Elaine was black, and black was not her best color. But she had bound it with a bright girdle—high and tight and rather wide under her young breasts, and fastened a rose at her shoulder, and the effect was good. The red brought out the full rich color of her mouth, with its luscious lift and turn, the flush in her cheeks, the brightness of her eyes. Nancy had never been able to decide what color her eyes were. Sometimes she thought they were blue, and sometimes green; sometimes when she was excited they looked black. They looked black now.

Nancy had a little merry round face, golden with sun, and a comical little nose cocked up in the middle—a bad, mad, merry, preposterous little nose, with three freckles and a pucker on the top. The pucker came now because the hairpins wouldn't stay in; Nancy's black curls were the kind that, when you straightened them out, snapped right back close to her head. She had to leave them the way they were, gorgeously rowdy, as if she had come in from a high wind. Nancy said once that she looked like a fruit pudding just out of the oven. She said it laughingly, but it was almost true. She looked little and round and brown and hearty, full of richness and sweetness, with a fine spicy flavor. (She must see if Mary had beaten the mashed potatoes.)

Nancy gave the potatoes a final stir and went into the dining-room. She was just in time to keep Benny from eating the decorations off the canapés.

ELAINE came while Nancy was there. Nancy knew that Elaine did not want to be in the living-room when Derk Ranier arrived; she wanted to make an entrance. Elaine looked very pretty, tall and fair, in sapphire-blue chiffon, with the close gold cap of her hair and her blue eyes shining like stars. Nancy detected a subtle meaning in her costume—Elaine expected Derk Ranier to tell her that she was like a star sapphire.

"What have you got my dress on for?" she said.

"To cover me," said Nancy gayly. "I couldn't wear my step-ins."

"Don't be vulgar," said Elaine. "Derk Ranier hasn't seen that dress. I might want to wear it."

"You never would, though," said Nancy. "It's too short, and the waistline is too low. You said so yourself."

Elaine did not answer. She was scrutinizing the table. "You're not going to let that *child* sit down, are you?"

"Why not?" said Nancy. "He has to eat somewhere."

"He can eat upstairs."

"I'll have a tantrum," remarked Benny, appearing beside them. He sat on the floor to be ready.

"I suppose I might ask Larry to come over," Nancy said slowly. "It's too late to get anybody else. . . ."

"And have him wear a red necktie and talk about real estate. He's so *uncouth*."

"That's hardly fair." Nancy flushed in quick defense of Larry. He loved Elaine so hopelessly and so much, and she treated him so badly.

Elaine's blue eyes flashed. "It's hardly fair to spoil my party, either, after all the trouble I've taken." The touch she gave to the symmetrical waves of her hair, the sapphire-blue of her bodice, unconsciously betrayed where her trouble had lain.

"I *will* have a tantrum," threatened Benny ominously.

THE bell rang. Derk Ranier. Nancy trod sharply on the buzzer to remind Mary to answer the door, and made a dive for Benny.

"He can't have a tantrum now!" cried Elaine.

"I can so," roared Benny. Nancy's fingers cut his scream off short in the middle.

"You'll simply *have* to keep him quiet," Elaine said urgently. "You won't mind, will you?"

Nancy did not quite understand at first. "Mind what?"

"Staying upstairs with him," said Elaine. "That will make the places right."

The room whirled for a moment round Nancy, in a splinter of breaking dreams, and the small edge of Benny's scream leaked through her fingers.

"Sh-h!" said Elaine sharply.

Mary was showing Derk Ranier into the living-room. Aunt Laetitia was bidding him welcome. "Thanks," said Elaine, very offhand. "Of course we want things right." She stood for an instant in the doorway, with her hand lifted against the casing. Then she made her entrance.

Nancy stopped in the kitchen, with Benny kicking in her arms, to tell Mary to take off two places.

"I'll be leaving," Mary threatened. "Such goin's on. Eight one minute. Six the next. It's more'n my wits is worth."

"I'll give you an extra dollar," Nancy promised soothingly. "Bring Benny's dinner upstairs. And don't let the soup boil."

Upstairs, with Benny on her lap, and the bright rose off her shoulder tattered in Benny's palm, Nancy felt queer. She had never felt quite so queer before. She could hear Derk Ranier's voice, low-pitched and quiet—an oddly compelling note in it, as if he were used to being obeyed—an oddly gentle note. She could hear the ripple of Elaine's careful laughter and Aunt Laetitia's sweetly unpleasant drawl, and her father's dictatorial bass; Caroline's high chatter, and George's love-struck monosyllables. She heard the snap of the swing-door into the kitchen—Mary with the cocktails. She heard Derk Ranier say something approving. But no one explained that Nancy had made the wine. No one said there was a Nancy. . . .

Mary brought a tray to Nancy after she had served the main course. Nancy stirred the soup to make sure it had not separated, and poked the salad to make sure that it had set, and broke a corner off the angel food to make sure that it was light. Then she laid her fork aside. She could not hear any words now, only the murmur of formal voices and the chime of restrained laughter. "All right, Benny," she said absently. "You don't have to drink your milk."

THE whole trouble was that Nancy had let herself think about this evening—and about Derk Ranier. Something in the far places he had been and the strange beauty he had sought stirred her imagination; something about Derk Ranier himself—his poet's face and his adventurer's body. He made her think of hot sunsets over seas themselves as bright as jewels, and tangled jungles, and curled roofs like the toes of Turkish slippers. . . .

She told Benny two stories; then put him to bed, and crept out to the landing. They were back in the living-room again. Aunt Laetitia was asking what the Princess Ileana had worn, and Mr. Lyndon was asking what the British crown jewels were worth. Caroline wiggled her third finger, and asked something coy about diamonds. Elaine asked what a star sapphire really looked like. . . .

Nancy got up suddenly and hurried back to Benny's room. Benny was asleep. But Nancy stood for some time in the dark room, hands against hot cheeks, listening to Benny's breathing and the rebellious beating of her heart.

When she came back to the hall again, the party had scattered; they were getting ready for the dance. Caroline was with Elaine in her room; the men were in George's. Mr. Lyndon stumped upstairs on his way to a pipe and the evening paper. He made a growling noise when he saw Nancy. "Why didn't you have bean soup?" he demanded.

Aunt Laetitia was right behind him, sniffing into a lace handkerchief. "*Why* you should have drawn butter on the asparagus, when you *know* I like hollandaise . . ."

Nancy did not answer. She did not have time before Elaine came. "I thought you were going to have crêpes suzettes. I do think you might have done that much, when it's the only sophisticated thing you know how to make. . . ."

George passed with a hairbrush on

*(Continued on page 36)*

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# Gallows of Chance

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

*The Story Thus Far:*

KIDNAPPED by four masked men (following a visit to Lord Edward Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County), Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is spirited away to a mysterious house. There, placed on a gallows, he is told that, unless he will grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer, he will himself be hanged. Adamant at first, he finally yields; not, however, until he is told that Brandt's wife has new evidence to offer.

Released, Sir Humphrey hears Katherine Brandt's story, prepares to order the reprieve—and faints. Hours later he comes to. *Cecil Brandt has been hanged!* . . . Scotland Yard goes into action. Almost immediately, Sir Humphrey and Katherine Brandt both disappear! . . . Working alone, Detective Pank finds various principals in the strange drama, including the man who had built the gallows for three Americans—and no other a personage than *Lord Edward Keynsham!*

Sir Humphrey shows up. He declines to discuss his absence. To Scotland Yard's amazement, he will not permit detectives to *guard him.* . . . A lawyer calls on him, notifies him that he and Katherine Brandt are the executors of Cecil Brandt's estate. It appears that part of the estate (that part in America) is accounted for; there is, however, no record of the dead man's vast holdings in England. . . . Another visitor arrives: Mr. Richard Van Pleyden, a suave young American. A few words by way of preliminary; then—"Sir Humphrey, I am working for the syndicate. *We want that key!*"

Genuinely mystified, Sir Humphrey cannot produce "that key." Whereupon, Van Pleyden leaps at his throat, nearly throttles him. As he does so, Inspector Pank (who has been promoted), gun in hand, steps into the room. And Van Pleyden leaps through a window, dashes away. At this point, Parkins, Sir Humphrey's butler, produces an envelope. It had, he explains, been delivered by a prison guard the day before Brandt had been hanged. It contains a medium-size key, bearing the inscription "*Grimmett 1431.*". . .

Keynsham and Sir Humphrey meet at a club, have a confidential talk. Keynsham confesses that he and Cecil Brandt had been partners in some "great secret enterprise." Then—"I want to save your life, Humphrey. I want you to *refuse that executorship.*"

Sir Humphrey eyes his old friend coldly. "That," he says, "I will never do."

### XII

THAT afternoon the Home Secretary spoke with dry but convincing eloquence for an hour and three quarters upon the new Housing Bill. He also accorded a couple of interviews in his official apartment, and left the House just before six. He drove first to his solicitor's, whom he put in touch with Messrs. Debenham, Twiss & Debenham, with instructions to investigate the estate of the late Cecil Brandt, and to announce his probable acceptance of the executorship. He then drove to Angels' Court, Chelsea, where Katherine Brandt was once more safely established. He found her waiting to receive him.

"You get later and later," she complained, as she gave him her hand.

"My dear Katherine," he explained, "these meteoric disappearances for which you are, I fancy, a little more responsible than I am, interfere somewhat with my regular activities. I wonder how long we are going to be left alone now."

"But are we being left alone?" she demanded. "What's this about a burglary? It's in all the papers."

She handed him a news sheet, and he glanced through the headlines:

BURGLARY AT THE HOME SECRETARY'S HOUSE IN CHESTOW SQUARE—
NOTHING OF VALUE STOLEN

"The headlines tell most of the story," he observed, sinking into the easy-chair which she had drawn over to the fire. "The most important sentence is the last—'Nothing of value was stolen.'"

"Was it those mysterious enemies of yours again, do you think?" she asked anxiously.

"FOR the moment," he confided, "we can only indulge in speculation. One of the most engaging young men I ever met in my life called to see me yesterday afternoon and, after making courteous conversation for a few moments, suddenly demanded, on behalf of himself and an unknown array of friends, that I yield up a key!"

"Humphrey!" she cried. "My dear Humphrey!"

"At any rate we know now what they're after," he remarked.

"A key?"

"Precisely. I failed altogether to convince that obstinate young man that I possessed no key which was not my own property. He called my attention to the fact that during my absence from home my belongings had already been ransacked in search of this article, as yours had been, and in kindly but forcible fashion gave me to understand that unless I parted with it I was likely to come to a violent and untimely end."

"*But didn't you tell him that you know nothing about any key?*"

"I did. He disbelieved me entirely. He showed signs, in fact, of laying violent hands upon me, when suddenly the detective whom I had forbidden Scotland Yard to place anywhere near the premises, made a melodramatic appearance and stopped the whole business."

"Did he arrest the young man?" Katherine asked eagerly.

"No such luck," Sir Humphrey groaned. "He went off through the window with a great crashing of glass, and so far as I know they've not caught him yet. . . . Now comes the humorous part of the whole thing."

"Humorous! What a brick you are, dear!"

She rose to her feet and paced the room restlessly, coming to a standstill finally by the side of his chair.

"Well, I appeal to you—isn't it humorous?" he demanded. "The world's finest burglars have opened my safe and desk with the utmost ease. They have ransacked my belongings in every quarter of the house. They have done the same to your trunks and your belongings, and all the time—where was the key?"

"You don't mean to say that you know?" she cried.

"The key," he confided, "was, during the whole of the time, in a soiled square envelope which I rather fancy had 'Wandsworth Prison' on the back of it, slipped behind a dish on a shelf in my butler's pantry!"

She let go his shoulder, which her fingers had been gripping, and stood away from him. The light faded from her face. There was fear in her eyes.

"*Then we have it after all,*" she faltered.

"You have not," he replied. "I have. I can't blame Parkins. It was left by a messenger at the door in the ordinary way on the evening after the Wandsworth affair. Parkins looked upon it, and I don't blame him, as being of no particular consequence, and he pushed the envelope on the shelf of the dresser, meaning to bring it out with the evening batch of letters. It was the day I was taken ill, so you can imagine that in the confusion he forgot all about it."

"But you have it now?" she persisted, still with that light of fear in her eyes.

He smiled reassuringly.

"It is in my official safe," he told her, "in my official room in the House of Commons. No admittance to burglars. We can therefore deliberate about it."

"What I want to know," she cried passionately, "is—who are these men—people of consequence they must be—who are holding this rod of terror over our heads? What is it the key of? Does it belong to me or does it not? Did it belong honestly to Cecil or did it not? Do these men want to steal or have they a claim on it? How are we to get at the truth, Humphrey?"

SIR HUMPHREY glanced toward the sideboard, a perfect little Queen Anne affair with twin curved sides.

"It would assist my deliberations," he confided, "if you were to remember that it is half past six."

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He snatched at an evening paper and read rapidly for a few seconds. "Tell us about it," Katherine begged nervously

*Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore*

She rang the bell. A parlor maid appeared with a silver salver on which were a pail of ice, a cocktail shaker and two beautifully cut glasses. From the cupboard were produced several bottles. Katherine mixed the cocktails.

"And now," she said, "tell me about the luncheon, Humphrey."

"The point about it was this," he recounted: "Edward Keynsham suddenly reappeared again, came over to my table at the club and asked if he could lunch with me."

"What did he want?" Katherine asked with subdued eagerness.

"He wanted me to renounce the executorship."

She moved a little nervously. Her eyes became very intent and compelling.

"Any reason?"

"He was not exactly candid. One had to read between the lines. He seems to have been associated with your husband in certain enterprises which a respectable person like a Home Secretary should know nothing about. Shall I give up the executorship, Katherine?"

"Would they leave you alone if you did?" she asked.

"I don't know that I want them to. After all, you know, I am an officer of the Crown. I have been very badly treated by these men, and I should like to know what it's all about."

"I wish I could tell you," she sighed. "I never dared ask Cecil anything. He was jealous of Lord Edward, just as he was of you or anyone else who came near me."

"Keynsham struck me as being far more natural today, at any rate," Sir Humphrey remarked, sipping his cocktail. "He may be perfectly honest. If he is he seems to have got himself into a most unholy mess somehow or other. Probably I shall understand all about it when I go into your husband's affairs. That, I suppose, is what they are so desperately afraid of. . . . The one great and terrifying reflection just now is that I actually have in my possession the object of their desperate searches."

"The key?"

"THE key," he assented. "Now, listen: Did Cecil ever say anything to you about owning a safe anywhere or having a key which was valuable?"

"Never in his life that I can remember."

"Of course that makes it all the more inexplicable," he sighed. "On the morning, or some time on the day, of his death a warder from Wandsworth Prison, bribed, I suppose, brought up and left at the house for me in an ordinary envelope a key, which Parkins mislaid and forgot all about. Not a line of writing, not a single elucidating word—just a key. A plain, flat key of oxidized silver. It has the name Grimmett stamped upon one side of the shaft and 1431 in figures on the other side. Did you ever hear of anyone called Grimmett?"

"Never."

"In that case," Sir Humphrey sighed, "I am terribly afraid that I shall have to get back and see my friend Colonel Matterson again after all. I cannot do my duty to you as your husband's executor, with a possession like this sent to me at the last moment, and remain ignorant of what it means."

She left her chair again as though with a sudden impulse and came and stood by his side.

"Humphrey," she begged, "let these terrible people have it, then perhaps we shall be left alone. They tell me there is plenty of money in America as well as what there is here. The theater is mine and I can earn what I choose. I cannot bear the thought of the danger that key seems to bring. Let them have it."

"What?" he exclaimed. "Hand it over to that disagreeable, murdering young ruffian whose fingers I can still feel on my throat! Not on my life! I'm going to find out a little more about this business before I part with it. I was very rude indeed to them all down at Scotland Yard the other day, but I'm going to eat humble pie. I am going to have Matterson come and see me this evening when I get home."

"May I be there, too, please?" she begged. "You might let me share your cutlet."

He considered the matter.

"I wonder whether I ought to deny myself," he reflected. "You must remember through all his vagueness Edward was very definite on one point: he wanted me to give up the executorship, and the more I think of it the more I am convinced that his reason is the secret he fears I shall discover with the aid of that key."

"Bother the old key," she laughed, rising to her feet. "I'm going to put my hat on."

THEY found Inspector Pank, looking very harmless and benevolent, waiting on the doorstep of the house in Chestow Square.

"If I might suggest it, Sir Humphrey," he said, as Parkins was divesting the latter of his coat, "I think it would be an excellent idea if you wouldn't mind spending the evening in the drawing-room upstairs."

"Out of harm's way, eh?" Rossiter observed.

"Precisely, sir. However well guarded they are, your two ground-floor rooms, the dining-room and the library, are simply an invitation to intruders. At the present moment I know where I am. I have searched the house thoroughly, and I know that there is no one in hiding. If you will dine and sit in the drawing-room I can have a man on the back stairs as well as on the front, and so far as the thing is humanly possible you will be safe. It will leave our hands much freer to deal with anything that might turn up."

"Would you mind that, Katherine?" Sir Humphrey asked.

"Why should I? I always look upon your drawing-room as a beautiful room wasted."

"We will go straight up there now, then," Sir Humphrey suggested, leading the way. "Show Colonel Matterson up when he arrives, and I shall want dinner for two served there later on, Parkins. Come along, Pank, and settle us down."

THE drawing-room was an apartment of faded beauty, of Victorian hangings and perfumes, with stiff but not unlovely furniture.

"Haven't sat up here for donkeys' years," Sir Humphrey remarked.

"You will be perfectly safe here anyway, sir," Pank assured him.

"Perfectly safe!" Sir Humphrey repeated. "God bless my soul, sounds as though we were back in the Middle Ages! I say, Parkins, can't you do something to make the room look more human? Bring up the flowers from below, and some decanters and glasses."

"Certainly, sir. Colonel Matterson has just arrived."

"Show him up," Sir Humphrey enjoined. "Katherine, my dear," he went on, as soon as the door was closed, "I am afraid this sort of thing is getting on your nerves."

"It isn't that," she insisted, dropping into a chair a little wearily. "I'm not thinking about myself at all. The one thing I regret is having brought all this trouble and annoyance upon you. Why, I can see the marks of that young man's fingers upon your throat now."

"Yes, I can feel them too, when I eat," Sir Humphrey acknowledged with a grimace.

The sub-commissioner entered the room. It was to his credit that he avoided all signs of self-complacency when he shook hands with Sir Humphrey and was introduced to Katherine.

"We are very sorry to hear of this last trouble, sir," he said.

"The young fellow nearly throttled me," Rossiter confided. "If you had not disobeyed orders, Colonel, I don't know where I should have been."

Matterson coughed.

*(Continued on page 43)*

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# Party Line

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

THE idea came into Harney's mind, unbidden and unwelcome, when he found out that Tom Farren had driven up to Canastego, as he did every spring, for a week of trout fishing. Until Farren's secretary gave him this information, Harney hadn't been able to think of any way of staying out of prison. He knew that Tom Farren would enjoy sending him there. He knew, too, that Farren was certain to find out about those bonds. When he came back and—

Harney's mind stopped in the middle of the thought and against his will changed one of the words! *If* Farren came back.

The suggestion seemed to have been whispered in his ear by somebody else. It frightened Harney. He had courage, but not of the kind that a man needs for facing a risk of death; he had imagination, too—imagination that instantly saw a vivid moving picture of hushed courtrooms and grave, slow-speaking judges, of suffocating, wire-meshed cells, of a door through which, in spite of tight-shut eyes, he saw a row of faces staring at a waiting, empty chair.

But the intruding thought persisted. If Farren never came back, nobody would know what had become of those bonds. And Farren was up at Canastego, in a different world—a world where there wasn't any homicide bureau, with a squad of clever detectives and a staff of laboratory experts; a world where such a man as Vincent Harney would be almost like a single clear-eyed stranger on a planet where all the natives were born blind.

If Tom Farren didn't come back . . .

Harney told himself, as he started on the three-hundred-mile drive, that he was going up as he had often gone before, to catch a few trout. There'd be a chance, too, of talking things over with Farren, who might be easier to deal with on his angling holiday, than in an atmosphere of hard-boiled business. There wasn't any other reason for driving up into the hills. The old-fashioned revolver under the linen in Harney's suitcase had nothing to do with his errand. Absolutely nothing.

He was still telling himself all this when he came to Canastego and drove on through the little village to the steep road that climbed up toward the Notch and Pokey Moonshine. Overhead the sky was bright, but dusk had settled in the valley and there was already a light in Eli Glidden's farmhouse, where Harney always boarded. Higher on the wooded hillside, and farther away, he could see another tiny blot of yellow between the trees. Farren, as usual, would be up there at Job Ransome's.

*If he never went back . . .*

THE Gliddens were at supper in their big, low-ceiled kitchen—Eli and his wife and the good-looking school-teacher who boarded with them. They took Harney's arrival calmly. Bessie Glidden set a place for him at the red-covered table; Eli nodded a placid welcome and went on eating; Dora Lane, the school-teacher, smiled briefly and held her tongue. She was prettier, Harney thought, than ever, and somehow more alive, more awake. Her silence was different from Eli's or Bessie's. If his mind had been free for such thoughts Harney would have been interested in this girl; as it was, he found more interest in the Gliddens. They fitted into the idea that had traveled up here with him.

Things were different up here, and people. The Gliddens made Harney feel as if he had made a Gulliver voyage to some weird land of talking animals. They were like a team of their own heavy-footed horses. Most of the people in the hills were like that, Harney thought. It would be easier, safer up here, to . . . he would not let the sentence finish itself. He'd come up here to fish. That was all.

He wondered, as he listened to Bessie Glidden's unhurried flow of talk, why she didn't mention Farren. In the end he had to bring the name into the conversation himself:

"I suppose Tom Farren hasn't showed up yet?"

He saw Bessie's face stiffen a little.

"He's be'n up to Job Ransome's sence Sat'd'y."

HER voice had stiffened, too. Her glance led Harney's to Dora Lane and he fancied that he caught in the girl's look a sudden flash, as if Farren's name, like a flint on steel, had struck a spark.

The queer thought thrust itself upon Harney that luck was trying to help him. He could guess, easily enough, the meaning of Bessie Glidden's changed look and voice, of Dora Lane's strange, hard brightness. Trust Tom Farren, wherever you found him, to be mixed up with a woman! And Bessie Glidden was wise enough, clearly, to know that Farren's friendship wouldn't do any girl much good.

Harney thought swiftly. That wild idea wasn't so fantastic, after all. Luck had played on his side so far, anyway. Farren was here in the hills, and he'd stopped being an outsider here. He'd made enemies—one enemy, at least, in Bessie Glidden. There might be others, more dangerous than Bessie. Harney remembered dimly a tall, lean, hawk-faced hill-billy who had hung about the Glidden place. He fumbled for the name. Jud Weston. Harney decided on an experiment. He grinned at Dora.

"How's the boy friend these days? Still sticking 'round?"

Color darkened the sun-bitten face; the eyes, too, darkened, a sudden anger in them that startled Harney. There was more life in this girl, he decided, than he had thought. Except, though, for the change of countenance, she did not answer. As if she had not heard she rose and began to clear the table. Harney went out to smoke with Eli Glidden on the doorstep. He told himself that he wasn't thinking about the chance of Farren's never going back to Pittland. And yet . . .

Eli Glidden, under shrewd prompting, reluctantly parted with scraps of information: Jud wasn't around so often nowadays because he was working down in Lassiter, and it was pretty far to walk. Harney caught at the word.

"Walk? Why, it's fifteen miles!"

"'Tis if you go by the turnpike. 'Tain't over six mile by way of Pokey Moonshine." Eli jerked his head in the direction of the Notch. Following the movement, Harney's eye saw the light in Job Ransome's house, a yellow dot against the black loom of the hill. He could feel something click into place in his mind, like a piece in a picture puzzle. Those walks of Jud Weston's carried him past the place where Farren was staying. And beyond that place, until you climbed down into the other valley, there wasn't a house.

"At that," he said, "Jud must be pretty crazy about Dora if he'll go twelve miles on the hoof, over that hill, to get a look at her."

"Wouldn't wonder," Eli admitted.

Harney let the matter rest. He'd found out enough for the present. Even

*Illustrated by Donald Teague*

**"Why—why, it proves that Farren was alive and**

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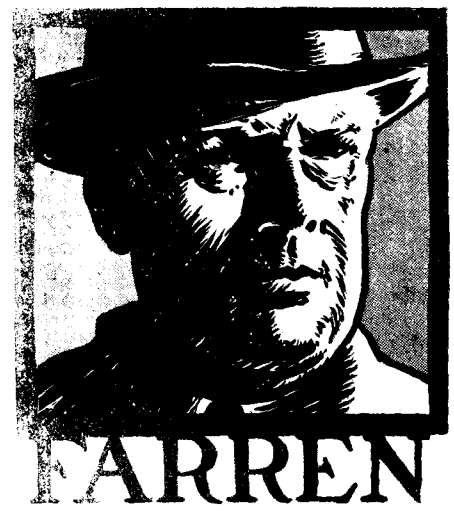


***One tiny slip can spoil a "perfect crime." But Harney was a careful man who seldom made an error***

with people like Eli Glidden it was just as well not to show too much interest.

"Guess I'll turn in. Pretty long drive, and I was tired when I started."

"Noticed you looked kind of peaked," Eli said. He went on smoking. Harney turned away. In the kitchen Bessie and Dora were washing dishes. Harney noticed that the girl's mouth was set, obstinate. Bessie, too, looked displeased.

talking over that telephone in there. . . . It proves—"

Harney guessed there'd been an argument about Farren. Bessie liked Jud Weston; she'd be apt to take his part against any outsider. Harney told them he was turning in. He took the glass lamp that Bessie lighted for him and climbed the steep stair to his room. He undressed quickly, letting his shoes fall noisily on the straw matting, and taking pains to make the bedstead creak. But he made no noise when he slipped into the room over the kitchen and bent down close to the grated opening in the floor, which, in winter, let surplus heat from the cookstove warm the upper chamber. He could hear quite plainly.

". . . ought to know better," Bessie was saying severely. "You know how Jud's bound to look at it, and if you was in your right mind you'd see what'll happen when he finds out about your goings-on with that Farren."

"Goings-on!" The girl's laugh sounded flat. "Why shouldn't I go and see a movie when I have a chance? I don't have many, do I? You talk as if Mr. Farren wanted to elope with me, instead of just being kind-hearted enough to give me a little harmless fun. I'm sick of hearing about it. If Jud's so mean and suspicious as you're trying to make out, I'd better find it out right now. It won't kill me, I guess, if he—"

"It might kill somebody else, though."

HARNEY'S nerves jerked tight. Luck, trying its best to play on his side!

"You cert'nly ought to know how Jud'll take it," Bessie was saying. "You cert'nly ain't forgot what he done to Herb Peabody that time Herb—"

"I haven't forgotten!" Dora's voice rose a little. "And I haven't forgiven Jud for it, either. He needn't think he's got the right to half kill anybody that so much as gives me a pleasant word. If he lifts a finger against Mr. Farren—"

The telephone bell jangled thrice.

"You'd better answer it," Bessie said. "That's Farren. I know the way he rings."

It seemed to Harney that the words were trying to give him a secret message. He felt as if luck were whispering to him that there was a meaning in this matter of old-fashioned telephones. Harney couldn't see any meaning, but he seemed to know that it was there, waiting for him to recognize it. This was a two-party line, he knew. If somebody at Job Ransome's wanted to talk to the Glidden house it wasn't necessary to call Central—you just turned the bell crank three times. Tom Farren must have done it rather often, if Bessie had learned to know his ring by the sound of it. Harney couldn't see what other message there could be for him, and yet he was almost sure that there was one.

He listened intently to what he could hear of the conversation. It wasn't very significant; Dora's part of it was little more than yeses and noes, but Harney guessed that she had agreed to some proposal on Tom Farren's part. Probably she was going out with him again this evening. If that was it, she'd be coming upstairs pretty soon to dress. Harney slipped back to his own room. He was just in time. He heard footsteps on the stairs a moment after he had soundlessly closed his door.

HE COULD hear Dora moving about across the hall; presently he heard the sound of a car and of quick steps that went downstairs. A door slammed. From the window Harney watched a beam of headlamps dance away. He lay awake, his weariness forgotten, thinking hard.

He kept telling himself that he wasn't planning anything. He wasn't fool enough to take a chance, even up here in the tall timbers, that gambled with his neck. This discovery that Farren had an enemy here, an enemy with a name for violence and a visible and deadly ground for quarrel, didn't make it safe for Vincent Harney to . . . his mind still refused to finish the thought. It wasn't a plan that kept coming into his head. It was just a pipe-dream. He wasn't crazy enough to be considering it as if it might actually happen.

He was still pipe-dreaming, though, when he heard the car come back. He glanced at the luminous dial of his watch. As he fell asleep he was thinking that it couldn't do him any harm, anyway, to let Jud Weston know that his girl had been out joy-riding with Tom Farren and hadn't come home till after one o'clock.

He kept on thinking about this, next day, as he fished the brook that brawled down through the Notch. In the afternoon he drove down to the village and stopped at Gamble's combination garage and blacksmith shop. As always, there was a group of idlers about the door. Harney's glance measured them cannily; he chuckled under his breath as he nodded a casually genial greeting. These were the kind of men whose wits would be matched against his if—he pulled his mind back quickly from the thought, with a queer sense of drawing away from the edge of a high cliff, resisting a crazy impulse that urged him to jump.

He told Nelse Gamble to fill the tank and change the oil, and while these things were being accomplished in the leisured fashion of the hills, he found a seat on the long bench before the door. It wasn't easy to get the hill-billy tongues to wagging, but Harney was patient.

PRESENTLY Gamble was maneuvered into saying something about Farren's having caught the biggest trout of the season.

Harney wagged his head, chuckling with good-humored envy.

"Tom gets what he goes after, whether it's fish or women. He's a wonder. I'd have bet big money nobody could date up that school-teacher that boards up at Glidden's, but Tom had her out in his car last night till long past one. You've got to hand it to him."

He watched, not seeming to notice, the way faces sobered, the way they exchanged consulting glances. It wouldn't take very long, the way news traveled up here, for Jud Weston to hear the story.

Harney was too clever to dwell on the topic. He went on at once to talk of other things; he told himself, as he drove away, that he'd left behind him only the impression of a friendly soul,

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a little too talkative, maybe, but certainly not malicious or mischievous.

He was just driving under Eli Glidden's shed when a front tire exploded. Somehow he saw the accident as a favoring omen, a lucky break rather than a misfortune. It would have been a lot worse if that shoe had blown out on the road somewhere. Here he could telephone down to Nelse Gamble to come up and change tires for him. Maybe, after all, his luck was turning.

At supper he found out that there was to be a meeting that evening in the village to debate some questions about closing the district schools and building a modern, consolidated schoolhouse in the town. The Gliddens, hotly partisan, were going down, and Dora Lane, her job at stake, was going with them.

"Might be interested yourself," Eli told Harney. "Better come along."

Harney shook his head.

"You three'll be crowded enough in that buckboard without me."

Eli grinned slyly. "Kind of figured you'd maybe ride us down in your car."

"Too bad." Harney explained about the tire.

"We can get a lift from the Ransomes," Bessie Glidden said. "They'll have plenty of room for us in their *see*-dan."

Again Harney had the queer feeling that luck was trying to help him. He hadn't planned any of these things. They'd just happened—Farren's coming up here, Farren's butting in between Jud Weston and his girl, this meeting that would leave Farren alone up there at Ransome's and leave Harney alone down here. It looked almost as if he were being given, intentionally, a chance to make sure that Tom Farren never found out about those bonds.

Once more he thrust the thought away from him. It kept coming back, though. It was in his mind, against his will, when Job Ransome's shiny little car stopped at Eli Glidden's hail and drove on with Eli and Bessie and Dora in the back seat. It was still there, some time later, when he looked up and saw Jud Weston, on foot, coming down the hill.

"Why—why, hello, Jud!" Harney struggled against the excitement that had his pulses hammering, his tongue unsteady. "Where'd you come from?"

"Lassiter." Weston's glance fastened on the lighted window. "Eli inside?"

THE question quickened Harney's superstitious feeling about luck. It was breaking his way even in such trifling details as this. If Jud had asked about Dora it would have been a ticklish job to tell him about those joy-rides. As it was . . .

"He's down in Canastego," he said. "There's some kind of a mass meeting on, and he took Bessie along." He chuckled. "Didn't even leave me the teacher for company." He paused, laughed again. "I guess it wouldn't have done me much good, though, if they'd left her behind. No use for me to try and get Tom Farren's girl away from him!"

Weston said nothing; it was too dark to see his face clearly, but something in his still, motionless attention made it hard for Harney to keep his voice casually jocular.

"You can't blame the women, at that," he conceded. "Tom's the kind they dream about and he's got a line that would tease a bird down out of a tree. It's no wonder the school-teacher'd sooner go joy-riding with him than stick around with Eli and Bessie and me."

He laughed ruefully. Weston spoke, at last. Harney's pulse quickened at the strained tightness of his voice.

"What makes you figure she'd go ridin' with Farren? She tell you so?"

Harney laughed. "She was out with him last night till after one, and by what I heard when they woke me up by talking right under my window I'd say it wasn't the first time, nor the last one, either." He yawned. "Oh, well, we're only young once."

"Is—" Weston's voice creaked—"is she goin' to marry him, you reckon?"

HARNEY spread his hands. "You'll have to ask her about that. Or maybe you'd better ask Farren. He'd be more apt to know, I guess, than she would."

He wondered whether the innuendo was too subtle for Jud to understand. Something told him not to make his meaning any plainer. He saw Weston's head turn slowly toward the distant dot of light against the dark hill. Again he felt the strange certainty that luck was trying hard to help him. Without that last blunt question of Jud's, for instance, it would have been difficult—and dangerous, perhaps—to plant in his dull mind the idea of going back, at once, to talk to Farren.

"Well," Weston said, "I guess I'll be movin'."

He did not answer Harney's good night. At the road Harney saw him stop, saw him look down at the village and then, after a little, turn and start up the hill toward Ransome's.

Harney waited a few minutes. His thoughts were racing and yet clear and sure. They reminded him that in the dusty road a man's feet left tracks that these hill people read like print. Jud's trail, coming and returning, would be written there. Harney's would not.

He kept telling himself, as he cut swiftly across country, that he was just following Jud to see what happened. And yet the persistent thought kept coming back. If luck wasn't on his side at last, why had Jud Weston picked *tonight* for the long hike over the hills—a night when he'd find Harney alone, and Farren? Why, unless—?

He stopped running while he was still well out of earshot of the Ransome house. Carefully he slipped across a meadow and, screened by a grape arbor, crossed the shaggy turf of the dooryard.

Tom Farren's big figure stood in the doorway, sharply outlined against the light behind him; more vaguely Harney could see Jud standing at the foot of the porch steps.

"Maybe it ain't none of my business," Weston was saying in his mild, plodding, uninflected fashion, "but all the same I'm askin' you again if you're fixin' to marry her."

Harney held his breath. Farren's ears wouldn't catch the danger behind that harmless-sounding drawl; Farren wasn't easy to scare. He'd probably laugh and pull one of his wise-crack answers. And then—

"Why, sure I do," Farren spoke with exaggerated earnestness. Harney knew, of course, that he was kidding, but Weston took the answer at its face value.

"You better," he said. "And you better treat her good, afterwards."

HE SWUNG about without waiting for Farren to speak. Harney's gaze, straining through the dark, saw him turn toward the hill and the lonesome road to Lassiter. He felt a sudden angry sense of fraud, as if Weston had cheated him of something that was his right. Suddenly, hotly, he hated them both.

Something pressed against his hip. His hand went mechanically to his pocket. Not until it found the butt of his revolver did he realize that he'd been carrying that gun all day.

He stared stupidly at it. Queer. He hadn't meant to bring it with him. Luck again, trying to give him a break, fitting little things together. . . . Jud's footprints in the path before the doorstep, and on the road to Lassiter, a disused road, on which he wouldn't pass a house or meet another traveler; proof that he'd been here and no proof that Vincent Harney had been away from Glidden's. . . .

But no proof, either, that he had stayed there. If luck was really on his side there'd be some way of proving that, of having an air-tight alibi—

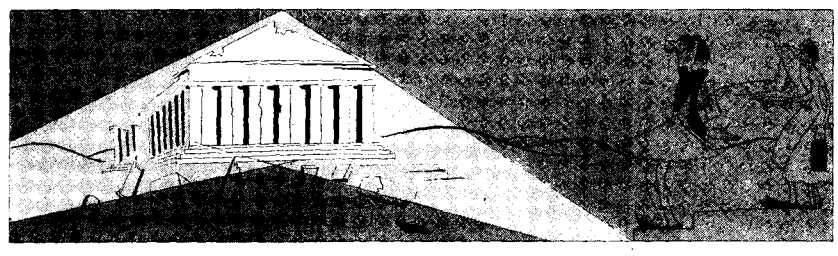
Farren laughed softly. He turned. Beyond him, against the wall, Harney saw the telephone. Something flared in his mind, like a photographer's flashlight. He saw, in a single crowded instant of clear vision, the interweaving of the aimless threads into a pattern. He seemed to be a part of that pattern; he was acting as Jud had acted, and Farren and Dora and the others, in something intended and arranged.

He sprang forward. He stood scarcely an arm's length from Farren's back. There was no chance to miss. He saw a spurt of flame, heard a drumming echo, watched Farren plunge, stumbling, toward the farther wall, his hands clawing at the telephone as he fell.

"Don't shoot, Jud! Don't sh—"

Somehow Harney had known that Farren would live long enough for that one outcry. He went in confidently,

*(Continued on page 47)*



# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***Tourists*** in Athens who have an extra $32 and a superiority complex now may have the Acropolis privately illuminated by great batteries of floodlights for two hours any night.

***Owing*** to the large number of recent steamship fires, a total of 691 in the past two years, many new fire-prevention devices have been invented. One of the most important is a thermometer that records the exact temperature *in every part* of a vessel.

***Burying*** tears with the dead was once a romantic expression of sympathy. The latest evidence of this custom was found a few years ago in a vial taken from a 2,000-year-old grave near the city of Luxembourg. Chemical analysis proved that it originally contained human tears. —*By E. C. Evanson, Cleveland, Ohio.*

***One*** of our most significant economic trends is found in the recent growth of American factories in Great Britain. During the past two years, the number increased on an average of one every 12 days—from 169 to 230, or 36 per cent.

***Afghanistan*** today has the most drastic prohibition law in the world. Anyone caught with liquor on his property or person goes straight to jail for six long years.

***The*** largest penknife ever made weighs 42 pounds, has 1,851 blades and is valued today at more than $7,500.

***The*** 4,000,000 Berbers in the Atlas Mountains of northern Africa have one of the world's strangest eating customs. The solid food is rolled into small balls, then tossed into the air and caught in the mouth.

***When*** a Greenlander wishes to punish an enemy for theft, wife abduction or any other crime, he makes the offender stand up before a large audience and listen to a personally composed song of derision. This torment of abuse settles the account. —*By Paul Senior, Fairmont, West Virginia.*

***About*** 1700 in England, a craze for insurance became so prevalent that some unscrupulous companies were successful in selling policies that protected the insured against lies, immorality and even going to hell after death.—*By Dexter Miner, Ness City, Kansas.*

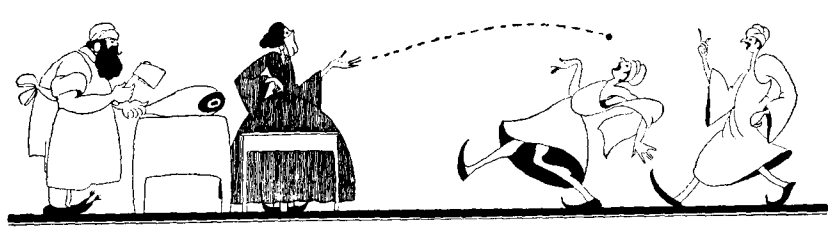
***Russia*** spent more money per capita on education in 1932 than did Great Britain.

***One*** large public utility company in New York City sells steam to about 2,500 buildings and sends it to them at the rate of three miles a minute.—*By Bob Parker, Riverside, California.*

***Some*** kinds of bacteria have astonishing vitality. They have been kept at a temperature of 338 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) for six months—and lived.

***Said Pasha,*** Viceroy of Egypt from 1854 to 1863, so resented being called a coward by European newspapers that he publicly demonstrated his courage by walking over a layer of gunpowder, a foot thick and a half-mile long, with a lighted pipe in his mouth.—*By E. E. Valmar, Berkeley, California.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**



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# Millions for Tribute

## By John B. Kennedy

*Illustrated by Herb Roth*

Human frailties and fears give our atrocious blackmail industry an unending source of wealth

***There's nothing more helpless than a victim of blackmail. The police are eager to assist him; the blackmailer is at heart a coward and ready to run; but the victim lifts neither hand nor voice in self-defense. His fear won't let him. And so our national bill for blackmail mounts year by year. Inspector Lyons of the New York police could give you dozens of instances. Here, through Mr. Kennedy, he does***

AS LONG as men have had secrets to conceal from society, there has been blackmail. It draws a dark thread through history and remains a source of profit to those who have no scruples in cashing in on the fears of others.

Inspector John Lyons of New York police headquarters, generally recognized as the foremost expert on this continent in dealing with extortion, has handled blackmail cases where the plunder ranged from as high as $250,000 to as low as five dollars. He brands it the least apprehensible and perhaps the most persistent of crimes. It is no respecter of persons; indeed, the higher the target the heavier the toll. It permeates every stratum of society, largely because its victims, all kinds and conditions of men and women, either will not complain to the police or lack the courage to carry a complaint through the ordeal of the witness stand and the consequent publicity of a criminal trial.

I sat in Inspector Lyons' office at headquarters, a long, high, narrow room, bare as a cell. The slim, iron-gray man, smoking a pipe as he talked softly into a telephone, looked more like a teacher than a detective. For thirty years—with the Pinkertons and with the police—it has been his life's work to round up the merciless thieves who prey on human fear, and the paradox of his job is that he knows more blackmailers still at large than blackmailers he has arrested.

Three men and a woman came into that office—the woman faded in beauty but retaining handsome and injured dignity. One of the men was hard-faced and crop-headed, another bulky, well-dressed and meek. The third had the unmistakable beam-like shoulders, blue chin and neutral eyes of a plainclothes cop.

A quick passage of words, Inspector Lyons interrogating, the woman replying in a low, nervous voice—her husband, the bulky man, answering falteringly. The close-cropped man was beady-eyed and reticent.

The case was simple. Husband and wife had operated a roadhouse in a county covered by the metropolitan police. They sold booze. The beady-eyed man, posing as a Federal dry agent, had forced them to pay bribes. After a real raid they had learned he was an impostor, and had trapped him for the police.



"Well," said Inspector Lyons to the man and wife, "now we've got him on your complaint, are you ready to go before the grand jury?"

The husband trembled. The woman conferred with him.

"We'll let it drop if he don't bother us again," she said.

### The Keystone of Extortion

The inspector argued. His clipped eloquence was of no avail. First instinct for revenge had been appeased by the faker's arrest: the roadhouse-keepers, with a padlock case on their hands, wanted no more publicity. Also, the husband frankly confessed he had no desire to be regarded as a sucker among the confraternity of rum retailers.

So this extortionist went free because the case would have collapsed without witnesses.

That is the secret of the success of most blackmail. In the gradually increasing scope of the art as applied to business, illegal and legal, this fear of publicity or of injured business operates no less successfully than in the older, more nauseous extortion practice based on the social frailties of men and women.

Fear is the stock in trade of the blackmailer. His black art would be more perilous than profitable were it not for prevailing human fear of physical injury and financial and social loss. His staple is the oblique adventuring of men and women who cannot achieve what they think is romance without risk; but his net is spread to catch the guilty or the timid in every human activity where men and women fear interference, hurt or exposure.

The police, eager to step into any kind of blackmail case, are rarely summoned by big-money victims. The only outstanding instance was the celebrated Amster case, whose principal, driven to the police by threats from a woman, faced the ordeal of notoriety and prosecuted the case. After the conviction of the blackmailer Amster received, to his enormous surprise, congratulatory messages from men and women in all parts of the country.

Once Inspector Lyons stiffened the resolve of a rich Middle West blackmail victim to a point where he promised to go through and brave publicity. This man had been trapped in New York, where out-of-town pleasure hunters seem to be easy victims for parasites. He had met an attractive young woman and had become involved.

A man in a Canadian air officer's uniform stopped him one evening in a corridor of his hotel.

"You're the blackguard," he snarled, hand on his service revolver, "who ruined my sister. I'm going to kill you!"

The threatened man induced the outraged brother to talk things over in a drinking place. The fact that a vengeful brother should have been so easily dissuaded from his wrath should have been the tip-off, but the victim was too scared to be shrewd. In two days he had parted with his romance and $50,000 in cash.

Three days after that payment, Inspector Lyons received a mysterious call to meet a lawyer at a famous club. The lawyer represented the blackmailed Mid-Westerner. He told the inspector that his client had paid $50,000 to blackmailers because he dreaded publicity; that the blackmailers had demanded a further $50,000; but that his advice to his client was to refuse and call in the police.

Inspector Lyons first asked if the blackmailed man would go through with the thing to the end. The lawyer said that he would. Lyons then told him to arrange a meeting between his principal and the blackmailing "Canadian army officer" where the police could see marked money passed and make an arrest. The principal shrank from appearing himself, but a meeting was arranged between the lawyer and the blackmailer.

### Laughing at the Law

Inspector Lyons and another detective no sooner set eyes on the blackmailer than they recognized him as "Dapper Don" Collins, a notorious crook—Beau Brummel among blackmailers. Collins, suspicious because his second demand was being so promptly fulfilled, did not accept more money at that time. All he said was that $50,000 would not be enough.

Lyons was eager to arrest him on the spot. The lawyer balked—a tactical mistake. For Collins' next demand was for $100,000. And he got it. The victim who had promised to prosecute was afraid to face the music.

This helplessness of the police when called into a blackmail case is the principal trump of the blackmailers. If the victim will not stand by his complaint, nothing can be done. Under every state law in the United States covering blackmail and extortion regular police procedure prevails. A complaint and an arrest are matters of public record, publicity is inevitable once the prisoner is indicted.

Through their underworld connections the police of every large city are

*(Continued on page 32)*

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# Last Trip

## A Short Short Story complete on this page

## By Samuel Hopkins Adams

THE bus lurched out of the rain and the murk, up to the platform. Against the sky to the southward a streaky blob of light represented New York and what had been, to the girl, her life for the past five years. Not much of a life. And there was worse ahead. Well, she wouldn't stand it. Nobody with any sense or courage would.

As she reached for the rail a man pushed in, jostling her aside.

"Oh!" she protested.

He turned vague eyes in her direction, eyes that did not seem to take in anything.

"Huh?" he grunted doubtfully. His outstretched arm still pressed her rigidly aside.

In a flash of furious resentment she struck at him. All her sense of the outrage of life, of the ignominy which had met her at every turn and which his unconscious action seemed to summarize and symbolize, was put into the by no means contemptible effort. He put his hand to a stung cheek.

"Did I do something?" he apologized. "Sorry."

He drew away, leaving her free passage. As she found an empty seat she saw him stumble into place beside a fluffy brunette opposite. He did not look like the kind who would be intentionally rude. A well-appearing young fellow with his hat pulled down fiercely over his eyes.

The girl shriveled up close to the window like an insignificant and forlorn little spider. An hour to go. She tried to fill in the time by figuring whether she had left any ends of her life loose and flapping. The rent was up to date. All current bills were settled. There was that last payment on the correspondence course, How to Develop Personality. "*Be* somebody!" the prospectus had urged. "Take your rightful place in the world." Oh, yeah? —she thought. She had tried hard enough. How conscientiously and hopefully only her lacerated pride knew. No use. A complete flop.

THAT'S what she was. Just nobody. A neuter. She had no place in the general scheme. All the money and effort she had spent on trying to hypnotize herself into believing that she might be of some interest, some use, to somebody in the world besides herself had resulted merely in her ceasing to be of any interest or use to herself. She was through.

The drug clerk had looked at her dubiously. "Be careful with that stuff. It's dangerous." As if she didn't know! . . .

Something was in progress in the seat across the way. The fluffy brunette, after some preliminaries of self-conscious wriggling and provocative glances, spoke to the young man. With a look of startled distaste he rose and shifted himself across beside the girl. For a moment he stared straight before him, then dropped his forehead against his hands, which gripped the back of the seat. The shock of his brown, rumpled hair under his hat made him seem boyish. He became inhumanly still.

The girl gave herself up to a rehearsal of her failure as a personal unit. She had done it hundreds of times before without finding any answer to the dreary "Why?" She was by no means homely. Yet men never looked at her twice. Toward other girls her attitude was that of hopeful if timid friendliness; she would so have liked to be companionable. But none of her office mates ever seemed conscious of her presence beyond a vague "Oh, hello." Her approaches were awkward and futile because she dragged, like a ball and chain attached to her heart, the sense of her own total insignificance. She had enlisted her spare time in relief work. But with those whom she was so pantingly eager to help she could establish no touch; her very solicitude repelled them. And so another battle against her sense of total insulation from her kind was lost.

THE bus, taking a curve, shied violently away from some threat. The young man's shoulder lunged against her.

"I'm sorry," he said and lifted his face. "I haven't slept for three nights."

"Oh!" she said pityingly. "Insomnia's terrible. I know. Can't you take something for it?"

"No. What's the use?"

The usual rebuff. That's what she always met when she showed any interest in anyone else's affairs. She drew away. Then he said, staring straight before him: "This is the worst night of my life."

She held her breath. What was coming now?

"Unless last night was worse," he continued. "Or the night before." He groaned.

"Are you in trouble?" she ventured, trying to make her voice steady and casual.

"*Trouble!* I'm in trouble, all right. I'm going to be married tomorrow."

"Married? Tomorrow?" she repeated encouragingly. She felt a thrill that quickened her blood. Someone was confiding in her. Almost appealing to her. It had never happened before!

"You must think I'm crazy," said the young man.

She had an inspiration. "I—I think perhaps I know what you mean. Is it the wrong girl?"

"If only there weren't a right one!"

"Can't you get out of it?"

"Not with decency. And you've got to be decent, you know, in this carefully arranged world. Honor! Do you believe in honor?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

"Then you don't believe in happiness."

"Oh, no! I don't believe in happiness."

"That's right. That's the answer. Nobody does but fools."

"But you must have believed in it once."

"Yes. When I was a fool. Now I'm a man of honor." He laughed.

"Did you love her very much?" asked the girl softly.

"Yes. I only met her a month ago. And I only told her three nights ago about—this. I'm a coward, you see."

"Does she love you, too?"

"She did. She hates me now."

"Oh, no!" The girl smiled wisely. "That isn't true. You know it isn't."

"I'm trying to make myself think it is. To make it easier. I can't break off the other," he cried desperately. "How can I? We've been engaged

**His arm pressed her rigidly aside. In a flash of resentment she struck him**

nearly four years. . . . But let's talk about something else."

"What?"

"You. Where are you going this hour of the night?"

"To my cousin Blanche's. She's an old maid."

He was silent, lost somewhere within the inner dark. "Is she nice?" he asked perfunctorily, coming out with an effort.

"Not very. She's still and strict. She sits in her little house and makes hooked rugs. I hate 'em."

For the first time he showed a faintly amused interest. "You look too demure to hate anything. What's your name?"

"Ermyntrude," she answered. "Now go ahead and laugh."

"Why should I laugh?" he asked in obvious surprise.

"I don't know. People generally do."

"I think you're a kind person, Ermyntrude."

"If only I've helped!" Her hungry soul inspired the hope and the appeal. It was promptly dashed.

"You've done your best," said he drearily.

"South Hardy!" from the driver.

"I get out here," she said.

"So do I."

The lights of the deserted platform were dim, red blurs. Beneath them she asked, "Are you staying here, too?"

"No. In Hardy. I'll walk in. I didn't like to see you get out all alone."

"Nice of you," she said, inadequately she felt, "but it's only a step. That's Cousin Blanche's cottage with the light in it."

He regarded it with disfavor. "What'll you do there?"

"Slave," she answered quietly. "Be a wageless maid as long as I can stand it. That won't be so long."

"And then?"

"Oh, then it'll be all right."

"I guess there wasn't enough birthluck to go round when you and I were born." He dropped away from her into a black gulf from which the voice of his misery sounded muffled and aloof: "She wouldn't even kiss me goodby."

ERMYNTRUDE heard with astonished incredulity her own voice calmly saying, "I will."

"You?"

"For her. For both of you. She's sorry now that she didn't. So sorry! I think she's crying over it right now."

She lifted her arms and felt herself drawn against him with slow violence. Something pressed cruelly into the soft flesh of her bosom. The little bottle from the druggist's. She twisted in his embrace and, as he loosed her with a muttered apology for his roughness, she set her lips to his. His kiss was broken by a sob.

"You're making it too hard," he muttered.

"That's the idea," she said triumphantly. "That's what I meant to do."

"Come along. I'll take you to your cousin's."

"I'm not going there."

"What are you going to do?"

A blare and a glare from out of the night signaled the approach of the southbound bus. "That's the last trip," said the girl, speaking with a still urgency. "The last chance. For you. And for her. To make two people happy instead of three miserable. We're going on it. And I'm not going to leave you till I've seen you in her arms." She seized and shook him with incredible strength. "Quick! Will you come with me? Say yes."

"Oh, my God! *Yes.*"

"Look the other way." With a furtive and swift movement she thrust her hand into her dress. A tiny object curved through the darkness and shattered, tinkling, on the hard pavement.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Never mind," she said, and laughed happily. "Here she comes."

The bus lurched out of the rain and the murk, up to the platform. Hand in hand they clambered aboard.

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# Including Everything

## By Don Marquis

ARCHY the Cockroach made another radio "appearance" last evening; and a brief resumé of the broadcast is appended:

*Announcer*

This program comes to you through the courtesy of the Knockemorf Insect Exterminator Company, Inc. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, and all you wee tots who are listening in, this is the Roach Paste Hour, and it is my privilege to introduce Archy the Cockroach on Current Events.

Archy, tell us what you think of Current Events.

*archy*

well with regard to currants i have never been much of a bug for currants

i could always take them or leave them alone but with razzberries it is different i am a bug for razzberries and with regard to the events of the day i regard them as beginning continuing and ending with just one fruity razzberry after another

*Announcer*

What is your program for debt settlement?

*archy*

my policy with regard to debts is a kind of a yes and no policy like every other statesmans

yes it would be awfully nice if they were paid

but no they are not going to be

*Announcer*

What do you think of inflation?

*archy*

anything you blow up ought to have a squeaker in it so when deflation comes people will listen to the squeaker and not realize the wind is coming out of the situation

maybe we could get huey long for the squeaker

*Announcer*

Have you thought deeply concerning technocracy?

*archy*

oh yes indeed very deeply

*Announcer*

Will you tell the listeners-in of the Roach Paste Hour the results of your thought?

*archy*

i have thought too deeply for that i have thought so far down into the subject that i am way below the place where there could be any results and even if there were results it would take me years to climb up again far enough to announce them and by that time everything will be different

*Announcer*

What do you think with regard to the tax situation in general?

*archy*

if i put it on the air they would not be able to use the air any more afterward

the post office department would cut out the air as a means of communication

and if i printed it in a paper it would be the last issue of that paper

if i were to use any sincere language with regard to taxes i would not be generally understood because there are only a few people in the world low life enough to understand the language i would use and they do not pay taxes

that is what i think about taxes

*Announcer*

I do not quite understand you.

*archy*

what i mean is that most people are too decent and too well brought up to comprehend my vocabulary if i got onto the subject of taxes

*Announcer*

What do you think about Wall Street?

*archy*

i think nature will take its course if we leave things alone

i was down that way one day last fall and i noticed at one end of wall street was a river and at the other end was a cemetery

if we dont watch it too closely some time it will crawl into the cemetery or else crawl into the river and that will end all these wall street questions which are forever coming up

*Announcer*

What are your ideas with regard to the Philippine Islands, Japan, China, Manchuria, the Open Door, the League of Nations, Mussolini and the Gold Standard?

*archy*

the doctor has got me off of them he said i would either have to give them up or else lay off of gin and i could take my choice

but i will say as a general proposition i am opposed to them and it is my belief that sooner or later you will see them all down in union square getting clubbed by the cops which will prove that they are not respectable and to hell with anything not respectable has always been my motto

if george washington had got clubbed by the cops that would have proved he was a bolshevist and a communist and we would have heard very little more about him

*Announcer*

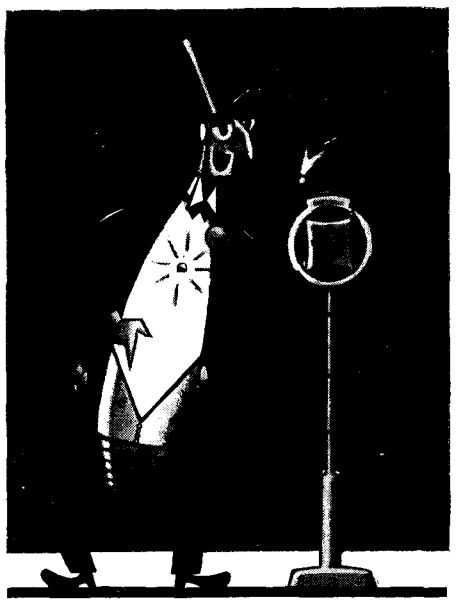
What do you think of having a dictator for this country?

*archy*

that always comes down to a question of who bosses the dictator and i have very little time to give to that myself as i am full of literary projects

*Announcer*

Do you believe the repeal of the anti-liquor laws will be an improvement?



*archy*

it may not improve the country but it ought to improve the liquor

*Announcer*

What do you think of the Russian five-year plan?

*archy*

i think it is a good thing and should be extended five years more every five years indefinitely until it either works or doesnt work which is all you want to know about any plan

but i will say that in a general way i am very hopeful not only about the future but about the past in looking over the past i find a lot of swell things have happened in the history of the world and today i find it far easier to be optimistic about the past than about the future

*Announcer*

Are you in favor of Fascism for this country?

*archy*

well i wouldnt say in favor of it exactly but i guess at that it is a good deal handier than the old type of ice box where the iceman has to drag the ice through the kitchen and leaves little pools of water everywhere and you forget to empty the pan and it spills over and runs down through the ceiling of the room underneath

---

Which side are you going to be on when the revolution arrives? Personally, I can't quite figure out which party I had better join. If I join neither, I shall have to hide out from both of them; if I join both of them, it will amount to the same thing when they both find it out; if I join only one of them, it probably won't be able to protect me from the other.

---

Problem in Technocracy:

If a dozen Ergs buy a dozen Eggs, it still will matter a damn what we shall use as Bacon and what we shall use for Ham.

And if we remodel the Hens to lay Ergs as well as Eggs what will be the final effect on the price of chicken legs?

Will an Erg that is laid by a Hen hatch out an Erg again or a Pullet, and what is the ratio of value between the Erg of a Shad and a Mullet?

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A hypocrite is a person who —but who isn't?

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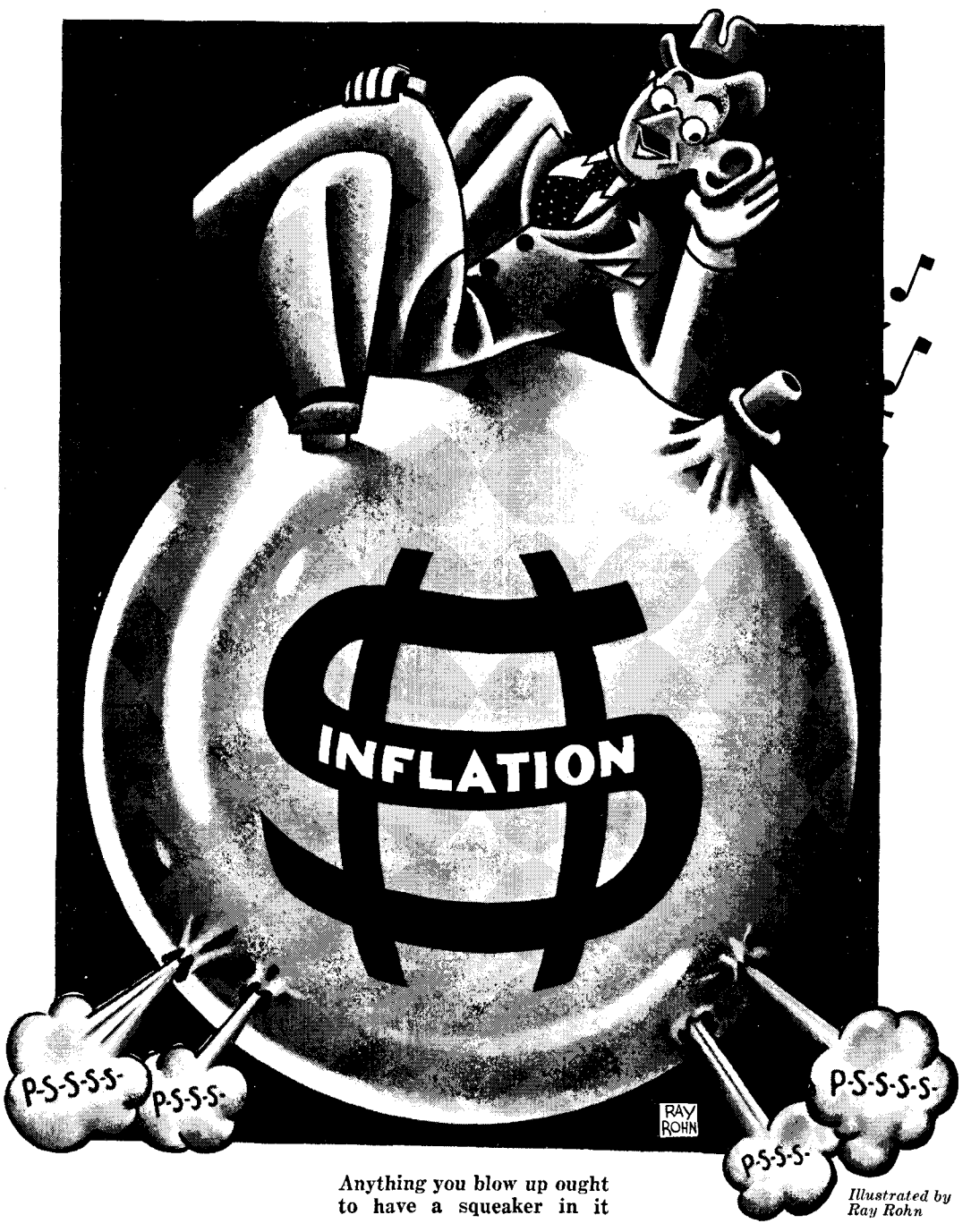
Marriage is a theme prolific of epigrams and sterile of conclusions.




**Anything you blow up ought to have a squeaker in it**

*Illustrated by Ray Rohn*

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# Cold Trails

## By Alan LeMay

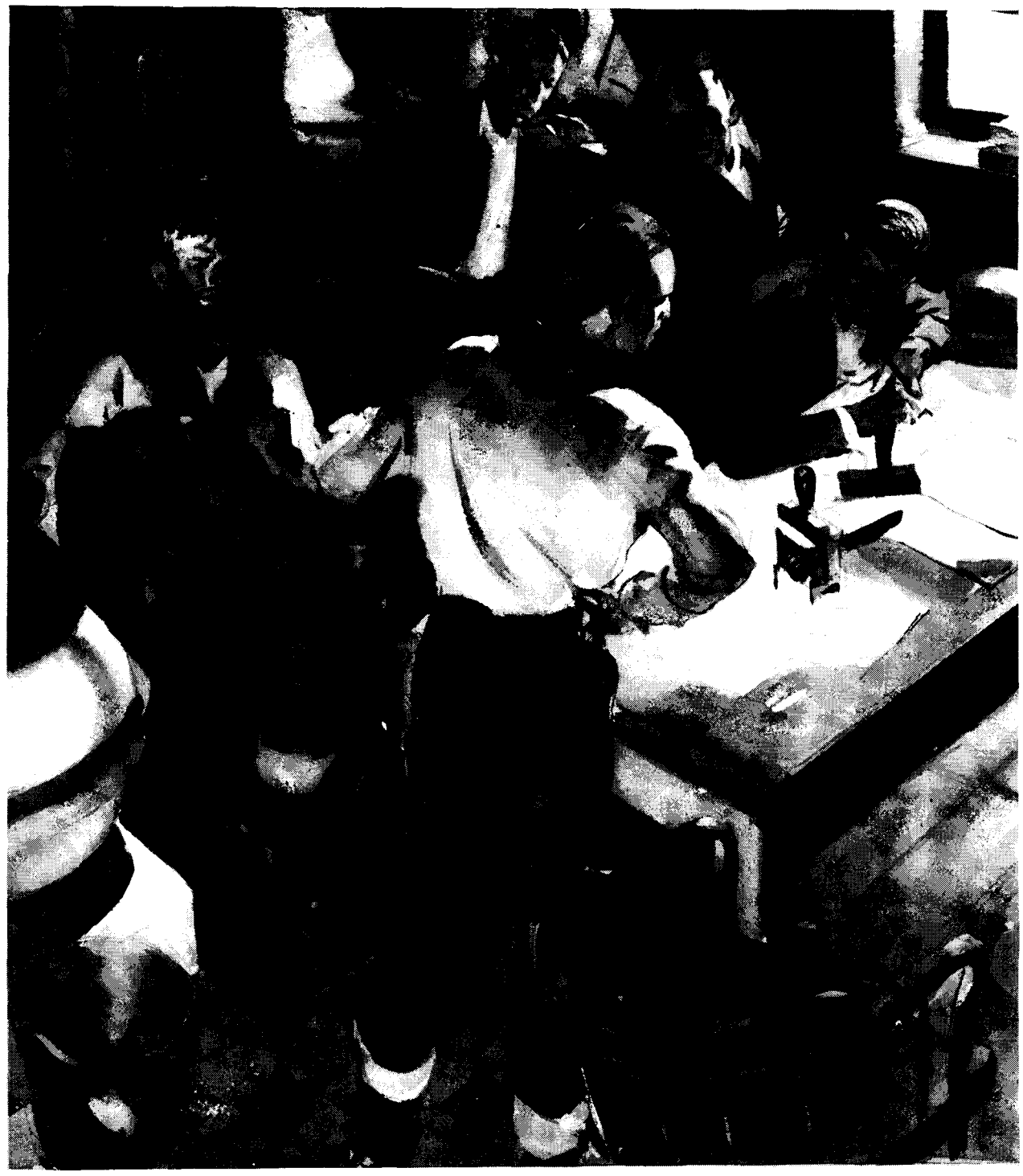
*The Story Thus Far:*

SOMEONE — nobody knows who — has been murdered on the 94 ranch. The victim's horse, but not his body, has been found; and no one can identify it. Summoned by "Horse" Dunn (who has for years managed the 94, which is owned by his niece, Marian Dunn), Billy Wheeler speeds to the ranch. He finds Dunn in a serious predicament. The ranch is on the verge of bankruptcy. To save it, the old man has sold his outfit in Arizona. But his partner, Bob Flagg, has failed to arrive with the proceeds—has, apparently, disappeared!

Dunn realizes that his enemies—Link Bender; Link's son "the Kid;" Pinto Halliday, Sam Caldwell and many others—are using the murder as part of a plot to ruin him. . . . Bender and the old man have an altercation. Bender and his son both draw. Wheeler—who, with Sheriff Amos and Cayuse Cayetano, a noted Indian tracker, is present—disarms the boy. Dunn shoots Link through the arm.

While riding with Marian, Wheeler encounters the Kid. A quarrel ensues. The Kid draws. Wheeler rides him down, injuring him severely. . . . Old Man Coffee, a famous tracker, reaches the ranch, bringing his hounds. He reports that he has seen a man fleeing north. Cayuse Cayetano! He produces a saddle—the one the murdered man had used. Dunn recognizes it as the property of Lon Magoon, a cattle-thief with whom he had trouble. He decides to hide the saddle—not to turn it over to the sheriff.

Wheeler is arrested, taken to Inspiration, the county seat, to be tried on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. He knows that Marian could save him merely by testifying that she had witnessed the fight with the Kid, and that Wheeler had not drawn his gun. But the girl (who hates violence, and bitterly resents the course her uncle and Wheeler are following) will not so testify. She does not, she says, know who used a gun and who didn't! . . . Sheriff Amos orders Dunn to answer some questions. Dunn, angered by the man's insolence, glares at him. "Amos," he says, "give your orders to people you can boss!"



Shafer looked doubtful. "Well—what you got to say,

### IV

SHERIFF WALT AMOS hesitated. Horse Dunn's stand was senseless—the incredible sort of thing that was told of the men of the wild days. The town—the street—was full of the enemies of the 94. If the guns awoke it was certain that the young sheriff would be first and surest to go down; but even if Dunn's people could somehow shoot their way clear, no possible outcome could win for them in the end. This was the peculiar thing about the self-dependent men from the old days, like Horse Dunn: time after time they waded obstinately ahead into sure disaster—instinctively confident that lesser men would draw back.

When Walt Amos had sized up the situation he stood for a moment with a blank face. Then—the young sheriff grinned, not sheepishly and not irritably, but with the interested humor of a man who plays his own game against another's.

"Oh, all right, Dunn," he said; "I don't set any great store on that point. I haven't got any of my fellers with me—I don't need 'em; but maybe you need some. Bring 'em on!"

In effect, Horse Dunn had backed Sheriff Walt Amos down; but Horse admitted afterward that it was here, in the backdown, that the young sheriff had first commanded his respect. He grunted an assent. "Billy Wheeler, Coffee—come on."

The others moved forward, but he waved them back; and Dunn, with Wheeler and Coffee, followed Amos into the little old adobe that held the sheriff's office. The sheriff sat down on the corner of a table that stood against one wall. "Have chairs, you people."

Old Man Coffee, who had the hunter's instinct for resting himself at every opportunity, sat down and shot tobacco juice at a sawdust box; but the boss of the 94 stood stubborn and balky in the middle of the floor, waiting.

"Dunn," said Sheriff Amos, "you were the first man found out there'd been a killing at Short Crick. That was Tuesday—three days ago. Right off you sent Tulare Callahan here, to wire Old Man Coffee, clear around at McTarnahan. Dunn, why did you send for Old Man Coffee?"

"I sent for Old Man Coffee," said Dunn, "to find out who was making free on my range. To tell you the truth, I didn't figure you numskulls was equal to handling it."

"Then it wasn't your idea," said the sheriff, "to get him here to seize and suppress evidence?"

"When I want to seize something," Horse Dunn told him, "I won't be sending for some old guy the other side of two ranges of mountains. I'll just seize it."

"Where were you riding Monday, Dunn?"

"Monday I was riding Red Sleep Ridge."

"And when," the sheriff shot at him, "did you first learn that Lon Magoon was camping on 94 range?"

Horse Dunn did not hesitate for a fraction of a second. "Yesterday—when Old Man Coffee found Magoon's saddle."

THE sheriff's smooth, cornerless face tightened a little, but Billy Wheeler saw that the man was not surprised. Instantly Wheeler knew two things: First, that one of the Inspiration crowd—perhaps with field glasses—must have seen Coffee pick up the saddle. And second, what was equally important, that the sheriff must have succeeded in tracing out the dead man's horse—and had identified it as belonging to the little cow thief, Magoon.

"Why," the sheriff demanded, "haven't you turned that saddle in to the authorities—to me?"

"Oh," said Horse Dunn with false innocence, "did you want that saddle?"

The sheriff hesitated, unexpectedly at a fading of the trail. For a moment he had undoubtedly believed he had trapped Horse; but this hope was now trampled out by doubts.

Old Man Coffee chuckled. "Son," he said to the young sheriff, "you gave away your hand when you put in that about seizing and compressing evidence. You couldn't jump no lion because your questions was headed the wrong way of the trail."

Sheriff Walt Amos studied him. "In short," he said, "you've got it in your mind that if I'd come at it different, Dunn would have denied he had Magoon's saddle!"

"You'll never know now, will you?" Coffee said.

Horse Dunn stood as expressionless as an adobe wall, and a dull color showed across the sheriff's cheek bones.

"One more question," said the sheriff. "I want to know where all your riders were last Monday—the day of the killing."

"Val Douglas and Gil Baker were riding Slinkard's Hole; Steve Hurley and Tulare Callahan were on Yellow Medicine Flats. That's all the riders I've got right now."

"Now leave me ask you one, Sheriff," said Old Man Coffee. "S'long as we're on the question of whereats, where was Cayuse Cayetano?"

"When? Monday? Cayetano was prospecting up the Hungry Horse."

"Prospecting, huh?"

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John Gannam

Wheeler?" "I plead self-defense, Judge," said Wheeler

"Oh, I know he wasn't prospecting. I can't keep the Indians from hunting deer out of season, and I don't pretend to."

"That is to say, you don't know where the hell he was!"

"Well, what of it?"

"That's very interesting," said Old Man Coffee.

"You finished with us?" Dunn demanded.

"ONE thing more," said the sheriff. "I questioned Hurley and Callahan when they were in town; but I still got to talk to Baker and Douglas. Stay here a minute."

At the door he turned and met Horse Dunn's eye squarely. "I don't mind telling you this," he said: "This case is nearly washed up. I figure to pick up the killer within sixty hours." He went out, jerking the door shut behind him.

Old Man Coffee's eyes showed an inward smile. "That last seemed kind of forced in," he said.

Horse took a turn up and down the room. He looked shaggy and gigantic, but he was as light on his long legs as a young buckaroo. "Why," he said at last, "would Amos want to tell us that?"

Coffee regarded Horse Dunn pityingly. "Don't you know?"

Gil Baker now lounged in, taking his time. The sheriff was impatient at his heels.

"Gil," said Horse Dunn, "the sheriff wants to know if you was really—"

"Hold your tongue!" Sheriff Amos snapped. He closed the door and leaned against it. "Baker, where were you Monday?"

Gil Baker, young and hawk-faced, glanced at Horse Dunn and rolled his quid of tobacco over his tongue. "Rode a scope of ground last Monday," he offered.

"Mostly where?"

Baker watched the sheriff narrowly. "Mostly Slinkard's Hole."

"Anybody with you?"

"Part of the time."

The sheriff caught at this. "Douglas was with you only part of the time, huh?"

Gil Baker studied him, snake-eyed. "All the time," he changed his answer.

"You just said 'part of the time'!"

"My mistake," said Baker.

The young sheriff jerked open the door. "Val Douglas! Come in here!"

"You a poker player, son?" Old Man Coffee asked him.

"Maybe so, maybe not, but, by God, I know the jack of spades when I see it!"

Val Douglas came in, strolling leisurely, in order not to joggle the cigarette he was making. He stood on spread legs, and across the cigarette as he licked it shut he looked at the others with an innocent gravity.

"DOUGLAS," Sheriff Amos demanded, "where was you riding last Monday?"

"I reckon I was in Nine-Mile Valley," Douglas said.

"How far is that from Slinkard's Hole?"

"About fifteen mile."

"And you and Baker covered both Nine-Mile Valley and Slinkard's Hole in one day?"

Val Douglas was suddenly motionless. He had started to light up, and now his hands stopped with the match halfway to his cigarette. Without moving his head he glanced at Dunn, then at Gil Baker, who tried to signal him something by the narrowing of an eye. The match went out, unguarded.

The 94 wagon boss relaxed. "Me and Gil split off, about three miles from the home corrals," he said.

"Yet," said the sheriff, "you never told your boss where you'd been, or why you changed your plans?"

Douglas struck a fresh match. "I'm wagon boss," he said shortly. "When Dunn says count cows, we count cows. But nobody tells me where to ride—they ask me where to ride."

The sheriff stared at him; then he grinned, whole-heartedly, without pretense. "We'll go over to Judge Shafer's office now," he said. "But take my advice. Talk over your story—and try to get together on it!"

He looked like a satisfied mountain lion, full-fed on somebody's top-string colt.

OUTSIDE, Horse Dunn turned to Billy Wheeler. "Guess you better get Marian. This here's the part I want her to see."

Marian was waiting in the side street to which Horse Dunn had sent her with his car; and inevitably, to the grim weariness of Billy Wheeler, Val Douglas was there, helping her wait. Wheeler walked to the door of the car, a tall, narrow-hipped figure, with a deceptively lazy stride.

"We're starting now," he said.

"You run on, Val," Marian said: "I want to talk to Billy."

"Sure, hon." The wagon boss shot Wheeler a glance like a straight left, and went his way, leisurely swaggering.

"I'm kind of glad you sent him on," Wheeler told Marian. "There's one thing I'd kind of like to say." His gray eyes drifted to the horizon beyond the streets. "This hearing—it doesn't amount to much, in a way. If I lose out, the real fight will come in district court, not here. But in another way, I think you're going to see an almighty funny thing, the like of which you maybe never saw before. You're going to see the whole range lined up against one man."

"Against—"

"Against Horse Dunn. It's always this way where there's a free-for-all scrap for range. He's fought fair, and more than fair. But there's more than fifteen outfits in this town right now—and all with the hatchet out for Horse Dunn. Now, I want you to watch these men; look at their faces and their eyes when they watch Horse Dunn. Because maybe it'll help you understand some of the things Horse has to do sometimes. See?"

"You don't think anything will happen today, do you?"

"I don't think so. Of course if—but I don't look for anything. We better be walking on around to the court now."

"Billy, there's something I want to say, too."

Wheeler looked at her. The blue of her eyes seemed strikingly fresh and cool in the dusty heat. In the moonlight of a mountain trail that he remembered she had seemed a mystery, a white magic not to be believed. But she did not need moonlight to represent a magic. Here in the blasting sun and white dust of the Inspiration street, she seemed more actual, but no less desirable—and unattainable.

"It's just this: I'd give anything in the world if I could testify for you. But I just didn't see it the way—the way it seemed to you."

"I didn't ask you to speak for me," he reminded her.

"BILLY, don't! Can't we be friends? Can't we—"

"No," he said.

"But why? Can't you see—"

He turned to look at her, steadily, as he had hardly dared to look at her since his return to the 94; and the blaze of the sun gave her to him in an unforgettable clarity of detail—the shadow of her lashes, the blue trace of veins in her temples and forearms, the haze of pure sunlight in her hair. He looked her in the eyes, and said slowly, "If I can't have all of you, then I don't want

(Continued on page 40)

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# But not too Nice

## By Lucian Cary

***The great Granby was engaged to the girl Joe Lawrence loved. And what he did to Joe's tennis! You'll be surprised. Mr. Granby was. So was the girl***

JOE LAWRENCE came on to Juan les Pins toward the end of the season when the south of France is beginning to be as warm as it's supposed to be.

Cadwalader, who collects tennis players at his enormous Villa Vallambrosa as other rich men collect racing stables, sat under a large beach umbrella with Bill Hallam, the New York tennis critic, and watched Joe play Tommy Marvin on a court of red Riviera clay.

Cadwalader turned to Bill Hallam. "There," he said, and jerked his thumb at Joe, "there's the man I pick to be the next national champion."

"You're quite mistaken," Hallam said. "Joe Lawrence will never be a champion."

"Is that so?" Cadwalader said. Cadwalader considered himself a fancier of tennis players. He liked to back his fancy with money whenever he could find anybody who thought he could afford to disagree. "Is that so?" he repeated.

"Yes," Hallam said, "that's so. He has the strokes. I don't know how he got them out there in the wilds of the Middle West. But he's got them. He's got the build for tennis, too. He's got everything to make a champion except—"

Hallam paused to watch Joe Lawrence take a hard drive on his backhand and send it like a bullet down the side line. The ball sent up a little puff of pink dust as it struck three inches inside the corner.

"Except what?" Cadwalader growled.

"Except," Bill Hallam said, "that he's too nice a boy."

THE story got around, of course, as anything Bill Hallam said about a tennis player was bound to get around. And Hallam's remark about Joe Lawrence sounded at once profound and cryptic. It struck the Cadwalader crowd as brilliant and set them to arguing what it meant. Joe Lawrence had to take a lot of kidding the first week or two.

He didn't mind at first. He was too busy trying to decide what he thought of Juan les Pins to question what Hallam had meant. He felt that Juan les Pins was a fascinating and disturbing and wicked place. He had never known women who had so many clothes, or who wore so few of them at any one time; or who drank so many champagne cocktails; or who were so casual about who kissed them. But the thing he couldn't understand or forgive or reconcile himself to was that a girl like Frieda Faraday was engaged to a man like Granby.

Granby was a big, heavy, self-indulgent man who ate too much and drank too much. He was thirty-five years old. He was fourteen or fifteen years older than she was. He had a lot of money. He had a big ocean-going yacht in the basin at Cannes. He had all the sophistications of money. And yet he was crass. Frieda wasn't the sort of girl to marry a man just because he had money. Besides, she didn't have to. She was Jerry Cadwalader's niece.

Joe Lawrence didn't drink as much as some of the rest of Cadwalader's troupe of tennis players. He fell into the habit of waking up a couple of hours earlier than the rest and strolling down to the beach and sitting on the sand and thinking things out. Mostly he thought about Frieda Faraday.

He'd danced with her two or three times and once he sat next to her at dinner and he liked to believe that there was some tacit understanding between them—some quick communication without words. But when he asked himself what they had communicated he didn't know. He decided it was just an idea. He decided it was worse than that. It was just a hope.

He was sitting on the deserted beach one morning when she appeared.

"Hello, nice boy," she said. She sat down beside him.

SHE was wearing a pair of minute shorts with a band of the same material—a sort of brassière. For the rest she was completely nude—a golden brown nude.

"I don't think I like your greeting," Joe Lawrence said. "It sounds patronizing and—well, it doesn't sound like you."

"I'm sorry," she said gravely. "I didn't mean to be offensive."

She took a double handful of sand and poured it slowly through her fingers into a small pyramid.

"Tell me about yourself," she said. "Tell me how you happen to be here—of all places."

"You mean," he said, "that this is the last place in the world where you'd expect to meet me—that I don't belong here."

She folded her arms around her knees. He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. He thought she was extraordinarily attractive—so slim and young and round.

"Yes," she said, "of course that's what I mean."

"I might say that I feel the same way about you—that you don't belong here either."

"But I do," she said. "This is my third season here. I'm practically a native."

"I'm here," he said, "because your uncle invited me. I live in Burrville, which is so small a town that I'm sure you've never heard of it."

"No," she said, "I've never heard of it."

"MY FATHER runs the bank. But he's not what you think of as a banker. He's a country banker. It happened there was a chap in Burrville who had played a lot of tennis in California. He was pretty good. I learned tennis from him. And when I went to the state university—to Minnewaska—I kept on playing. I won the intercollegiate championship. I suppose that's why your uncle asked me to come here. And of course I'd never been to Europe and there wasn't much going on in Burrville and spring isn't the pleasantest time of year in our country, so I was glad to come."

Frieda Faraday poured another double handful of sand through her fingers.

"You didn't know the catch in Uncle Jerry's hospitality," she said.

He wondered just how much she meant. Tommy Marvin had told him some stories about Cadwalader. He had asked Eddie Hines over to spend the winter and got sore at him and told him to get out. Eddie Hines hadn't a nickel. He had had to work his way home on a freighter sailing out of Marseilles.

"No," Joe said, "I didn't know there was any catch in it."

She asked him what he had studied at Minnewaska. He told her he'd taken agriculture. Burrville was the center of a farming country. The bank had often had to take farms over on foreclosure. He and his father had agreed he'd better learn as much as he could about scientific farming if he wished to be useful in Burrville.

They talked until they were late to *déjeuner*, and seemed to say quite ordinary things and really said a lot. At least Joe Lawrence felt they had said a lot more than they had put into words. He tried remembering what he had said and what she had said, to convince himself that this was true.

He played Tommy Marvin a five-set match that afternoon. It was very close. He won the first set 9-7. Tommy took the second set, 8-6. But Tommy won the match. He glanced at Frieda Faraday. She was sitting between Granby and her uncle beside the court. She didn't look at him. He didn't mind losing. He was just getting back to form again and Tommy Marvin had been at the Villa Vallambrosa for two or three months.

THERE wasn't any cocktail hour. They drank cocktails all day and all evening. Sometimes they went to the Casino and danced in the evening and sometimes they stayed home and played bridge. That evening they all went to the Casino. Joe Lawrence danced with several girls. Then he danced with Frieda Faraday.

"Let's go somewhere," she said when the music stopped. "Let's go somewhere and get some air."

She led the way outside. There were a lot of cars in the drive. She got into one of those little roadsters the French make out of a motorcycle engine and three wheels. They have a narrow seat, barely wide enough for two. You sit right down on the road and go fast. You go so fast you have to brake with all your weight to make the turns on the Grand Corniche road when the throttle is wide open.

"You'll be cold," Joe Lawrence said. She was wearing a dinner dress with practically nothing under it.

"We'll stop at the house," she said, "and get a sweater or something."

They stopped at the house and Joe ran upstairs and got a thick, white sweater with an "M" on it—an "M" for Minnewaska. He held the sweater for her while she slipped into it. For one breath-taking moment he had the feeling that he might take her in his arms—that she wanted to be kissed. But he knew she didn't. She was engaged to Granby.

**He knew he had to win. He had to beat Tommy Marvin or Granby would think he'd obeyed orders. He began to play the ball back and forth until he got a real opening and then he slammed it home**

*Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum*

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**The woman who kept the bistro took it for granted they were lovers and gave them a kind, maternal, sympathetic attention**

She drove almost to the Italian border before she turned around. She'd hit the curves fast, and put her foot hard down on the brake and lean in. He was quite conscious of her leg against his own when she took her foot off the gas and set the brake, of her shoulder hard against his when she leaned in on a curve.

"I'm hungry," she said, on the way back.

They stopped at a bistro. Joe asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted Pernod.

Joe shook his head. "Pernod is just as bad as absinthe," he said. "Let's have bread and cheese and wine."

"I'm sure," she said, "that you know best."

How they would have stared at the Villa Vallambrosa if they could have heard Frieda Faraday say that.

THEY ate cheese—a cheese something like Brie but different—with crusty French bread and a dry red wine. Joe Lawrence thought Frieda was marvelous in the thick, white sweater over her evening dress. The woman who kept the bistro took it for granted they were lovers and gave them that kind, maternal, sympathetic attention which is usually the portion of people in love when they stop to eat in France.

It was very late when they got back to the Villa Vallambrosa. Nearly everybody had gone to bed. But Granby was sitting up with Cadwalader, drinking *fine à l'eau*.

Granby kissed Frieda good night and told her to go to bed. She went up the stairs. She turned at the landing and waved her hand to Joe and said, "Thanks awfully."

Granby held up his finger in admonition. "Listen, nice boy," he said, "listen. You let my girl alone."

Joe Lawrence stood there. How could you hit a man for making so mild a request when he was so drunk he could hardly stand? Joe couldn't hit him. Joe had to go in with him and have a *fine à l'eau* before he went upstairs to dream dreams about Frieda Faraday.

He played a lot of tennis in the next few days. He played Tommy Marvin and Gil Parker and Bill Winkler and all the other members of the Cadwalader troupe. They were getting ready for the annual tournament of the Villa Vallambrosa. Three Frenchmen were coming down from Paris, and a couple of Englishmen, and a chap from Germany.

Late the last afternoon before the tournament Joe Lawrence went down to the beach. He swam out to the float and back and sat down in the sand. He had no means of knowing that Frieda would be there. But suddenly she was.

"Hello, Joe," she said.

"Hello, Frieda," he said.

She sat down beside him and took a double handful of sand and poured it through her fingers and made a little pyramid. She was wearing that scrap of a bathing suit again, which left her almost completely nude, after the fashion of Juan les Pins.

"I think," she said, "I think I'd like to go somewhere in a boat." She pointed to a boat drawn up on the beach. "There's a boat that belongs to Uncle Jerry."

It was quite a job to get the boat off the beach. But Joe Lawrence got it off and started the little one-lung motor. He steered around the point toward Cannes. It was almost dark as they came opposite the yacht basin.

"I'm cold," Frieda said.

There was a steamer rug. Joe took the rug and wrapped it snugly around her.

"I'm still cold," she said.

Joe sat down beside her in the stern and wrapped the rug around them both. "That's better," she said.

THE boat chugged along toward Cap Antibes. They sat side by side, wrapped in the steamer rug, and watched the sun go down and all the pink and yellow villas on the shore change to gold and mauve. The lights came on, the moon came up, and still the little motor chugged. It was nine o'clock when they finally got back to the beach.

"We're going to be late for dinner," Frieda said.

"Yes," Joe Lawrence said, "we're going to be late for dinner."

They walked up the winding path together. He took her arm because it was dark and she might stumble.

"You're nice," she said. "You really are. Any other man would have thought I wanted him to kiss me. But you didn't."

Dinner was practically over when they got in. But nobody said anything. It was only later in the evening that anything was said.

"Nice boy," Granby said, "I told you once. I tell you twice. And that will be all for you."

Joe measured him. Joe remembered

*(Continued on page 46)*

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# Erginette

*Continued from page* 10

She had the family's attention now.

"Boys don't have ergs!"

"When they're twenty-one they do, Papa. Six boys in the class have their first tickets, and they cut off an erg for the girl they liked best."

"That's not allowed!" said Papa. "They're not transferable!"

"It's the same as fraternity pins," explained Big Sister.

"What a foolishness!" said Papa. "Before the year is out, they will be hungry!"

"Six boys, did you say?" asked Mommer. "How many ergs have you?"

"Five."

Big Brother whistled, and his mother, irritated, said that if he had studied his lessons harder at school, he would have better thoughts.

Erginette lived up to the promise she had given of intellectual aptitudes. As it turned out, verse was her medium. The months after graduation she spent composing her first volume. The ordinary amusements of her age had no appeal, pinochle she was ignorant of, and though she adored music and encouraged her father to perform for her the more romantic masterpieces, she did not herself play or sing. She wrote.

She published, of course, at her own expense. That was the wise provision of the Technocrats. If you thought your poems were worth it, you could take the manuscript to the government printing office and pay with ergs. The idea was that if you'd rather be published than fed, you must be in earnest.

ERGINETTE had no ticket of her own, and she was too unselfish to borrow Papa's. Besides, it was buttoned in his vest. She offered instead the ergs which had come to her at graduation, along with some others, later tributes. The man at the printing office thought it was irregular, but after she had expostulated with him quietly, in his private room, he was convinced, and even cut down the cost.

The book, naturally, was not for sale, Technocratic art not being a property, but the demand was lively, and her fame immediate. The poems, as her friends had hoped, celebrated the new social order. All the provisions of Technocracy were made immortal, one poem to each.

But, as in her school exercises, she was unconventional, and her manner of praise surprising. Take, for example, the custom which gave her father a cubicle with the other tailors, which permitted the shoemaker to consort with shoemakers, and housed all the tinroofers in the same block. She called that poem Segregated:

I am for segregation
In a big way!
Whom should a plumber
Meet
But a plumber?
And except among carpenters
Where should a woodcutter
Cut?
Let me get near my work!
What's a blue eye to me,
If mine is black?

The book produced the first literary furor in the Technocracy.

Within two years Erginette wrote three more volumes, and she was able to pay for them with the sympathy of the man at the printing office, and with the ergs which mature ticket bearers, in their yearning for more poetry, bestowed upon her.

It was really her method of paying which got her into trouble with the Twelve, though her critics, like other critics, seized another excuse and so veiled their motives. They attacked one of her best poems—the one that praised the good management of the regimented life. She called it "Housekeeping." A less direct poet would have said "Economy." Out of this abstract theme her genius drew a heartache:

For the toiler
His task.
For the happy
His happiness.
For the sorrower
His sorrow.
For the young
Their youth,
And for the old
Their more resolute youth.
For each woman
A man.
For every sunset
A dawn.
Just enough!
So it is,
Is it?
God!
Give me something to waste!
Let me slop over!

**"The ship's in no danger, Madam, but if you feel like swimming home, New York's 200 miles down that way!"**

*Sydney Hoff*

You can see how these lines might be misconstrued. The complaints smoldered, broke into audible protest, swelled to a roar, and Erginette's partisans roared too, stopping you on the street to call attention to the human note and the metaphorical overtones.

THE crisis was reached when the wife of the Chairman of the Twelve lodged a complaint against her. It amounted to a charge of treachery. Erginette, the woman held, was undermining the loyalty of the young. The Chairman was unwilling to consider this charge, but his wife persuaded him it was his duty, and the Twelve wrote Erginette a letter telling her she must express herself more accurately, or publish less.

Erginette replied with becoming humility, grieving that her meaning had escaped the Twelve, and offering to appear before them and read the poem out loud. The tone of her voice, she explained, would make all clear. When the Secretary of the Twelve answered that at the moment they did not see she demanded that Erginette reform.

The Twelve found themselves occupied with a nice philosophic problem. It was the theory of Technocracy that when you have completely abandoned the idea of property, you thereby annihilate what used to be called social irregularities. Where the idea of property does not exist jealousy must evaporate. The operations of personal charm, not being an industry, lie outside the regulations of the state, and belong to the spontaneous exercises of our leisure. Four hours a day, four days a week, we toil for the common good, but during the other hours the state would encourage us to invite and expand our soul, provided we didn't hurt anybody.

Specifically, a rational world would not interfere with love-making, which is an intensely personal matter not subject to mass control. The state must, however, take cognizance of any love affair which results in a child. The child introduces the social note. The child is a responsibility for the state. In the case under discussion the responsibility, not having been asked for, would be unwelcome.

However, as the secretary of the Twelve explained in a scholarly communication to the Chairman's wife, since Erginette had no children her conduct did not come within the definition of these principles, and the state would therefore let her go her way until she did something overt.

The Chairman's wife replied to the secretary on a postcard that if Erginette did not have children she had poems, and that the literary offspring of her philanderings were more numerous and of more doubtful value to the state than the usual kind.

AT THEIR next executive session the Twelve brooded upon this comment, and agreed with its logic. They advised Erginette that for a probationary period of five years she was to produce no more poems, and after that she should publish only such volumes as did not diminish for any Technocratic home the normal volume of energy.

As usual, she set an example of docility. Her poems ceased. The Twelve were gratified. The Chairman's wife tried to spoil their satisfaction with the news that Erginette had framed their letter and hung it up in her bedroom, but they agreed, with the larger view of men of the world, that an unkind interpretation should be postponed until unavoidable.

For the next six months Erginette followed an entirely obscure routine. To her family she was, as ever, affectionate, and to her friends cheerful, and every minute of her day, it seemed, was so thoroughly accounted for that she was beyond all suspicion of poetizing. It surprised her household, therefore, and still more it surprised the Twelve, when at the end of the six months, just when her fifth volume in the course of nature would have appeared, a woman who lived on the other side of the town charged Erginette with having stolen her husband. He was a maker of erg-registers, dwelling among others of his kind, a handsome man, hitherto of a propriety untainted.

The evidence his wife submitted was of two kinds, ocular and rational. She had found Erginette, so she said, where the girl ought never to have been, and a large number of ergs were missing from the family ticket.

MORE unwillingly than before, the Twelve investigated the accusation, and to everybody's annoyance the missing ergs were found in Erginette's pocketbook. On the other hand, that specific evening which the erg-register-maker's wife named as the date when she accidentally stumbled upon the culprits, Erginette had spent listening to her father practice the slow movement of the César Franck Sonata. Her father and the family were witnesses.

The wife of the erg-register-maker offered to substitute another date, on the ground that she had, in her grief and wrath, consulted the wrong month on her calendar, and Erginette countered by offering to meet her date by date so long as the calendar lasted. The Twelve dismissed the charges, remarking merely that if a man is fool enough to give away his allotted ergs, his family should deal with him directly.

But the question remained in public gossip just why Erginette had collected the ergs, and Erginette herself, to the general surprise, asked the question. She asked it of the Chairman's wife. She called at the Chairman's house, on a sunny afternoon, and sat on the doorstep till the lady decided to be at home and let her in. She sat back gracefully in the best parlor chair, as though the interview would be long, though the

*(Continued on page* 30*)*

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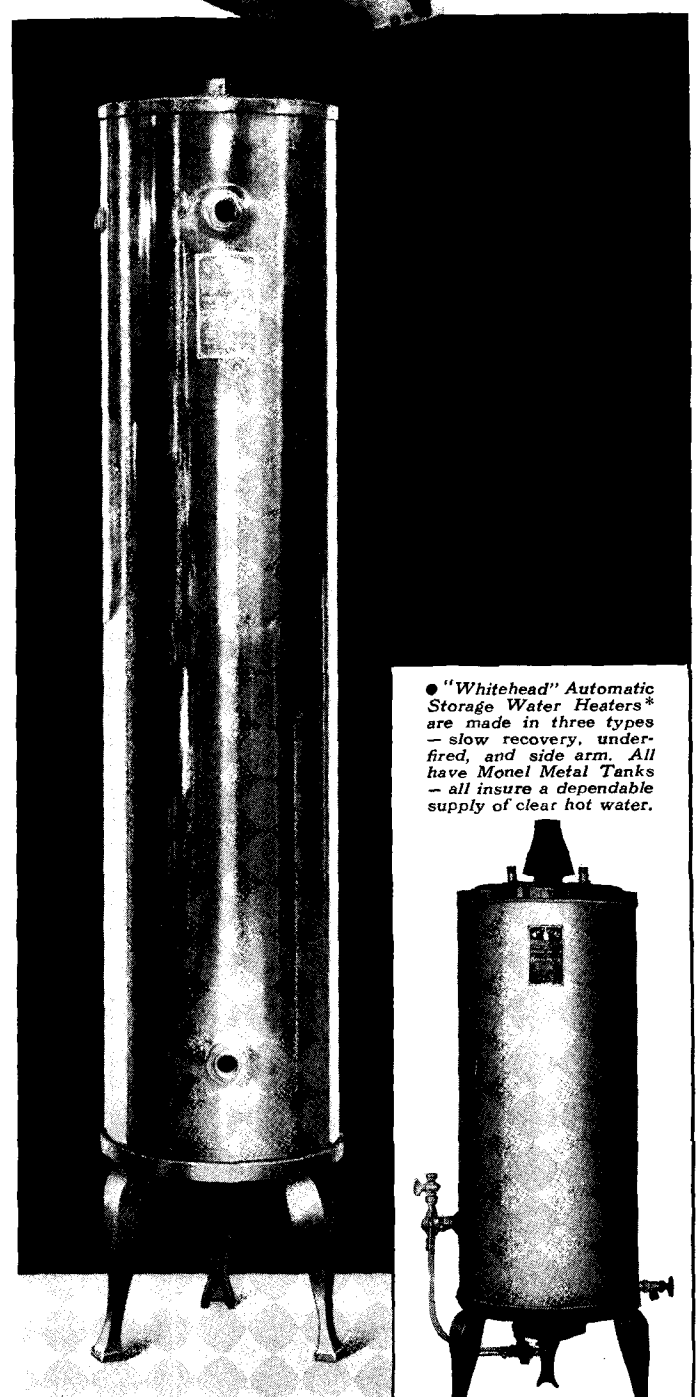

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# Erginette

*Continued from page 28*

Chairman's wife remained standing, as though it would not.

"I come for your help," said Erginette. "The interest you have taken in me touches me deeply. It was in my mind to thank you."

"You needn't," said the Chairman's wife.

"How sweet of you!" said Erginette. "But I do just the same. May I speak of my poems?"

The Chairman's wife turned more glassy-eyed.

"If my poems had said what I meant," continued Erginette, "they would have given you pleasure, but I fear they didn't. Am I right?"

She paused for encouragement, but the Chairman's wife sat down so she could tap the floor with her foot.

"The trouble is undoubtedly with me," Erginette sighed. "I have had every advantage, and I know I am absurdly happy—that is, within myself, but I cause trouble to those I love."

"Don't say you love *me!*" exclaimed the Chairman's wife.

Erginette smiled sweetly. "I didn't come to say that, but now I'm here I might as well."

"I'm in a hurry this afternoon, young woman," said the Chairman's wife. "Just what *did* you come to say?"

"Do you know," confided Erginette, leaning forward, "do you know, I think I'm a little—insane."

The Chairman's wife leaned back.

"Not altogether," Erginette went on, "but a little. I can't explain myself—to myself. Now tell me this: Why do those men give me pieces of their bread tickets?"

"That," said the Chairman's wife, "is a question I've heard asked."

"Precisely," agreed Erginette. "Do you think your husband would care to examine me?"

The Chairman's wife pressed her lips till her nose almost met her chin.

"My husband is an engineer, not a psychiatrist!"

"Of course, that's what I meant! I came to ask you whether your husband wouldn't have me committed, or whatever the term is, so that the psychiatrists could find out what is wrong with my brain. We *have* a psychiatrist, haven't we?"

"The state has," said the Chairman's wife. "An excellent one."

"Oh, is he excellent? I'm glad of that."

"I'll speak to my husband," said the Chairman's wife.

"Thank you so much," said Erginette, rising. "I *thought* I could count on you! I can easily understand that woman who accused me. I've read about jealousy in the olden days, and there's no mystery about that form of insanity, but you see, I'm not jealous; I can't guess what my trouble is. It's embarrassing, but I submit myself to study for the public good."

SO THE Twelve sent her to the psychiatrist, as the Chairman's wife ordered, and in self-respect they sent also the wife of the erg-register-maker, so that the psychiatrist could tell them how jealousy happened to persist in the Technocratic State.

Erginette and the woman met in the waiting-room outside the psychiatrist's office. It was early in the afternoon, and the office was crowded, but since they were a celebrated case, they had the right of way.

"After you!" said Erginette. "You came first."

So the woman went in, and in ten minutes came out again, completely analyzed.

Then Erginette went to her ordeal. The patients in the room outside waited.

Long into the day they waited, while the psychiatrist, who was an excellent man, gathered data for a report to the Twelve.

The first part of the examination was ingenious and comprehensive. The second half was less formal. After she had solved the jig-saw puzzles and what not which located her mental age, and had confessed the things she was most afraid of, and whether she liked her relatives, and why, and if she ever had dreams, and could they be put into words, he let himself fall back limp in his office chair, a handsome figure, but baffled.

"Tell me this," he said, "have you ever had any reason to consider yourself—thwarted?"

Her red hair haloed out around her serene face, and her black eyes caught a glint of the light from the window behind him.

"I wouldn't say thwarted," she answered cheerfully. "I've always had my way."

WHEN she smiled he began to smile back, and then straightened his face, having no ground for this sociability.

"If you're not thwarted, if you always have your way, why are you unhappy?"

"Who said I was?"

"Don't you feel—out of harmony with life?"

She laughed. "I fit life like a glove!"

She was sitting with her right knee crossed over the left, and along the graceful resulting ridge, her right hand lay, a slender but masterful thumb and four fingers to match, newly manicured. The doctor leaned forward impulsively, and put his hand on hers, then remembered himself, took out his watch and counted her pulse.

She smiled ever so slightly. He let go of the pulse.

"Beautifully normal!" he said.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I hoped you could do something for me."

SHE rose and began to put on her coat.

"Don't go," said he.

She took the coat off, and sat down.

He thought it over. "Why did you say you were insane?"

"Can't you guess?"

He knitted his forehead.

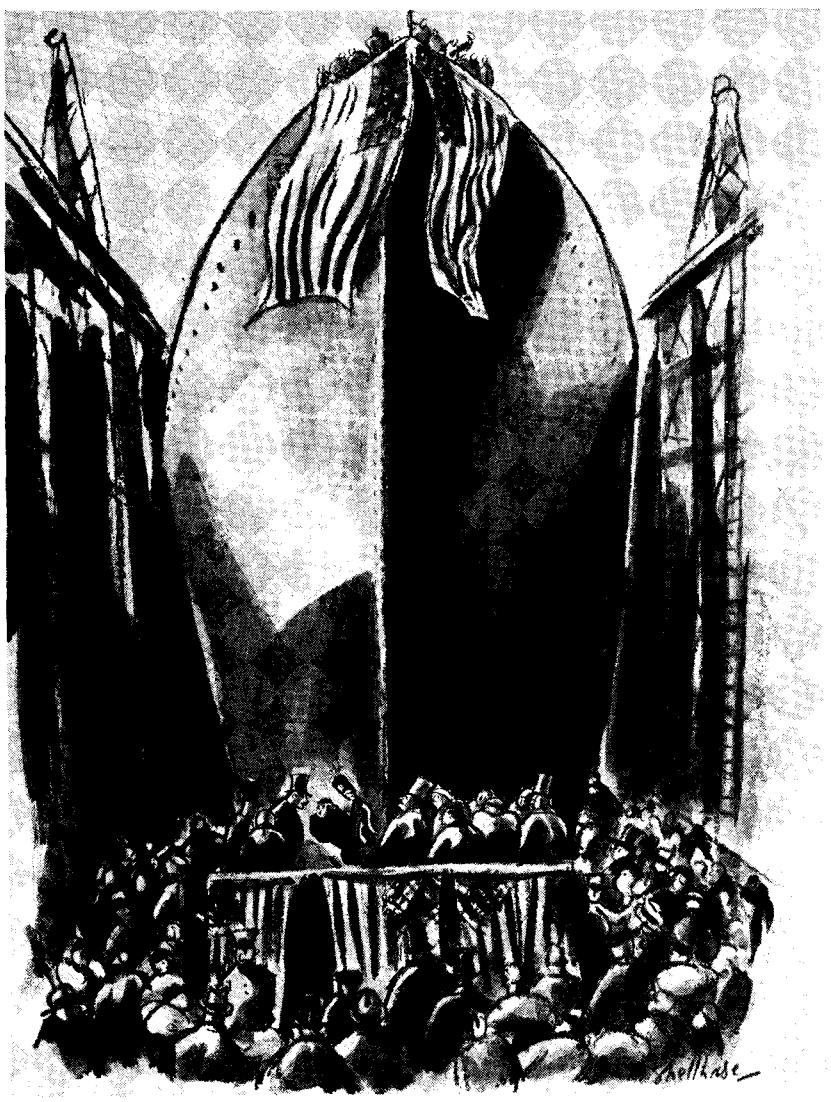
"You shouldn't do that, Doctor, unless you really are puzzled. It's not worthy of you."

He maintained his professional frown.

"I see I'm wasting your time," she said, with sudden dignity, "but I'm glad the Chairman's wife had me committed."

"Why?"

She started to put on her coat and had trouble with the sleeves, and the least he could offer was to hold it for her, and even then she had difficulty, and leaned against him, unconsciously, and gazed up into his eyes, to apologize—and since she was just the right height, he was able to accept the apology without much of a bend in his neck.



"What was that name again?" *George Shellhase*

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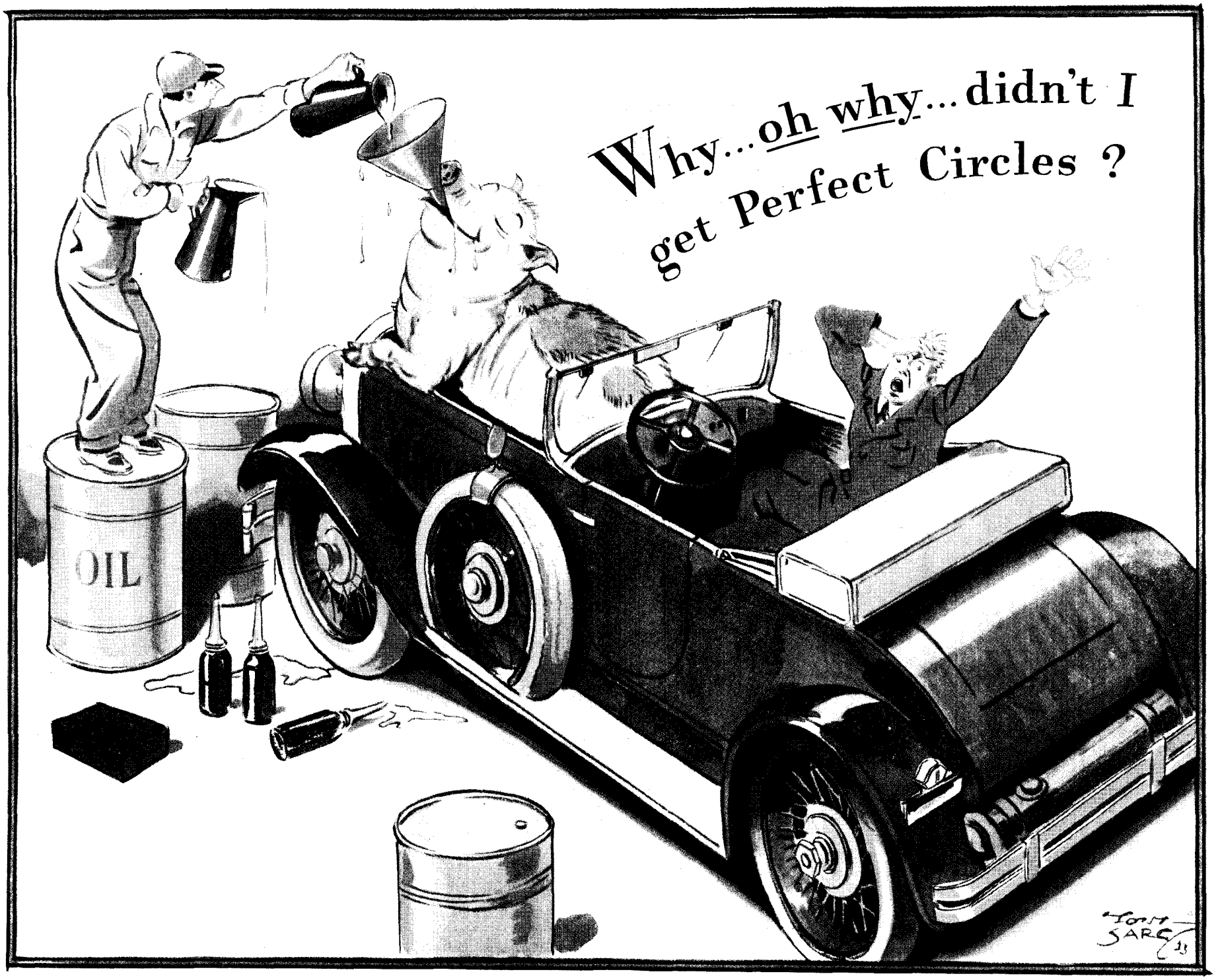


*You see here a man lamenting his error, bemoaning his plight, et cetera. Look at him. He's the oil man's delight, charter member of the Measure-and-Funnel, sole support of an 'oil hog'. He thought it didn't make any difference what kind of piston rings he got.*

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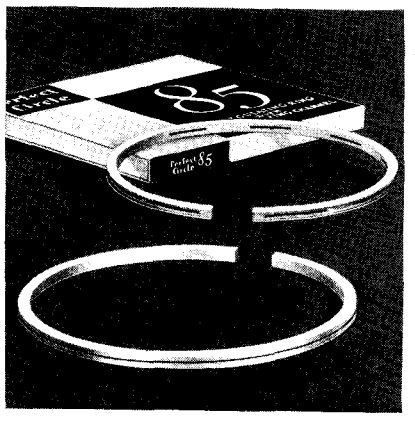


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Dr. Bosellini states:—

**"Skin troubles as a rule must be attacked from *inside*. When wastes collect in the body, the blood absorbs poisons and . . . pimples, boils or blotches may appear.**

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At any grocery, and most restaurants and soda fountains, you can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast. Just eat it regularly—3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

Then notice, after say 30 or 60 days, how much clearer and fresher your complexion has become.

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Wouldn't *you* like to know the joy of a trouble-free system—a good digestion—a clear, radiant skin? Why not add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet—starting today?

***"Our faces were all broken out"***

**"My sister and I both had skin trouble," *writes* Miss Virginia Koons (at left) *of Miami Beach, Fla.* "We dreaded to be seen . . . A doctor had advised yeast for a friend . . . We tried it—noticed improvement in a week. Fleischmann's Yeast entirely cleared up our skin trouble."**

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# Millions for Tribute

*Continued from page 21*

aware of innumerable cases where men and women have submitted to extortion through terror of public disgrace. One of the most notorious cases on record grew out of the much-publicized movie magnates' dinner near Boston some years ago, when several film men, "framed" in compromising circumstances, were mulcted for tens of thousands; the irony of this case being that ultimately the whole story was published when a venal district attorney of Middlesex County was brought to trial.

When the police can get a victim of blackmail to make a complaint and stick to it, their hearts rejoice and their hands have welcome exercise.

### The End of an Extortionist

A man who served time in San Quentin came east to New Jersey, changed his name and prospered in the contracting business. He planned marriage to a girl of fine family.

By ill luck one day on a New York street he encountered a former cellmate from San Quentin. The contractor made no attempt to deny his identity. Instead, he gave his former prison companion substantial aid. This he repeated until the other ex-convict began not to request money but to demand it.

When announcement was published of the contractor's wedding engagement, his former prison mate bluntly told him that he'd have to put up $10,000 or his prison record would be revealed to his fiancée. Knowing that if he were foolish enough to pay the $10,000, further blackmail would follow, the contractor turned to the police. Inspector Lyons first told him to make the revelation himself. The blackmail victim balked; but when the inspector pointed out that, sooner or later, the girl would get wind of it and that he might as well test her loyalty before marriage, the contractor agreed to tell her. He did, and she withstood the shock.

Then the contractor wanted to drop the matter; but the police insisted on his making a complaint. He refused. So Inspector Lyons, aroused by the despicable nature of the crime, ordered the blackmailer brought in to be confronted by his victim. The blackmailer defied the contractor to make his charge, so the police gave him an exhibition of private theatricals. A detective entered with handcuffs and placed the blackmailer under arrest. Instantly the picture changed and the extortionist literally dropped to his knees to plead with his victim and promise that he would never again threaten him. Whether or not he abides by the pledge will not be known until he leaves Sing Sing three or four years from now.

No crueler form of blackmail is practiced than this intimidation of ex-convicts who have socially remade themselves. Prison wardens and police officers agree that it is often desperately hard for a released prisoner who does not change his name to restore himself to an honest livelihood. When he takes another name and builds himself back into a decent livelihood, he's ready prey for the unscrupulous who know his past.

These rate lowest in the base art of blackmail, although the strata of villainy impinge so closely one upon another that they're fused in one parasitic pattern. The double-header blackguards who assist in smuggling aliens from Mexico and Canada at a price, wait for them to get established in jobs and then have confederates pose as immigration officials to shake them down for perpetual blackmail are among the lowest types. Detroit and Buffalo and other border cities have been especially infested by these blood-suckers.

In one case an Italian who had paid tribute to a blackmail gang for years confessed to immigration officials he was in a mood to commit murder if the blackmailers persisted in their demands. He had sneaked across the Canadian border in 1919 and had been preyed upon until the spring of this year when he gave himself up for deportation rather than continue paying blackmail.

Immigration officials pointed out to him that under a 1924 statute, all persons who had illegally entered the country prior to June, 1921, were immune from deportation for illegal entry and entitled to register as resident aliens and work through the processes of acquiring citizenship just as if they had been legally admitted. The Labor Department is always ready to coöperate with local police in prosecuting cases where illegal entrants have been blackmailed.

In a score of industries in New York, Chicago and other large communities, legalized blackmail by strong-arm squads flourished before a helpless police. When Samuel Seabury investigated the district attorney's office in New York he excoriated the prosecutor for failure to bring to book organized hoodlums who collected "protection" fees from merchants and manufacturers for membership in spurious trade associations.

Inspector Lyons was a star witness in these proceedings. His story was simple—and sinister. Innumerable times, he testified, the police had brought in gunmen guardians of industries and merchants, proved that their operations were forms of intimidation, only to have the business men admit they voluntarily paid tribute for protection against sabotage and thus kill the cases. For the core of the crime of blackmail is that payment be involuntary and made under menace of exposure or physical violence.

### The Simplest Remedy

The threat to maim or kidnap adults and children is a common form of blackmail among the Sicilian Black Hands. Reverberations of this racket constantly recur in the press—killings and counter-killings by Black Hand mobsters. According to police information the Sicilian who manages to prosper here must also manage to avoid his envious countrymen's eagerness to share his assets, especially if his business is shady. For what the police playfully call the Italian football season—of bomb-throwing—is always open.

The only way for business men to defeat the legal blackmail of "protection" outfits is to outbluff them.

An instance of this occurred when certain gentlemen attempted to line up the poultry merchants of New York's East Side. Jewish butchers submitted to extortion; but on one hapless day the organizers mistook their man. They attempted to put the works on a butcher who was red-headed and Irish. He chased them with a meat-cleaver to another parish. He remains unmolested.

Direct action of this kind, the police believe, is the simplest counter-offensive against blackmail. In their experience, the Irish always invoke it. Next to them, the Germans, as a racial group, seem least inclined to submit to blackmail, although their mode of disapproval is not as athletic. They call in the cops.

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And in nine cases out of ten the cops can do little or nothing about blackmail because fear becomes fixed in the victims. Take the wife of a nationally known business man who really had nothing to fear. She had a passion for gambling and was thoroughly rooked in one of those élite places where the rich indulge in games of chance. She lost so much that even her generous allowance couldn't stand the strain; and for some silly reason she dreaded making a confession to her husband. She welshed her gambling debts. Did the boys collect? When they learned of her fear that her husband would find out about her gambling habits, they made her pay, plus compound interest, until finally she was driven to telling her husband the truth—which might just as well have been told at the outset.

### It Could Happen to You

Reading, in police news, occasional items in the sordid parade of blackmail, the generally law-abiding man and woman may have no sympathy for the rich who pay heavy ransoms for their threatened reputations. I prefer to believe the police when they declare that the bulk of this business of extortion is based on the frailties of the not-so-rich and the fears of the ignorant. A girl who has made a false step is about to marry only to find her betrayer selling his silence; an officer of a company, detected by a subordinate in peculations, is thereafter dunned to death; a business man who has bribed a public official in a tax matter discovers that the initial payment in blackmail is only the first installment.

This robbery without arms can reach everywhere and anywhere. Normal and abnormal adventures in love or what passes for it are most fruitful, but not most frequent, especially since the Mann Act was made applicable to women as well as their male partners.

The easiest and most obvious method of quick collections by blackmailers is to "frame" playboys of means in compromising situations and make photos unaware. I remember Al Capone, once, with something of vengeful pride, displaying a picture taken in Florida of one of his respectable enemies—a family man—in a moment of frolic which would not have enhanced his reputation. Likewise there was a recent shocking exposure of wholesale blackmail in New York—which the police declared was not as uncommon as the circumstances indicated. A man and a woman were found shot to death in an apartment where the police found scores of photographs of gentlemen caught unaware. The pair of blackmailers made a mistake in trying to sell the negative of one of these pictures to a subject who, if anything, was more unscrupulous than they. Condign punishment quickly overtook them.

Yet, altogether apart from the ordinary hazards of living a life not quite free from blame, the citizen care-free and conscience-clear can fall prey to the boldness of blackmailers in unguarded moments.

Following a long review of cases closed and still open in the records of the New York police, which form a national and international clearing house for blackmail, I asked Inspector Lyons if there was no relief to this sinister picture of exploited fear, if sometimes genuine humor flecks the shadows of ruthless greed. No, it doesn't. For while non-sufferers may smile at the predicament of even the innocent tangle, the crime of extortion is essentially foul with nothing to redeem it.

Consider what actually happened to somebody somewhere and might easily happen to anybody anywhere. A thrifty and respectable citizen, undertaker by calling, paused before a department-store window. Admiring the display, he also admired the face and figure of a young woman window-shopper. She spoke to him, expressing her liking for certain items in the window. The worthy mortician spoke to her, expressing agreement. Nothing wrong about that. Two burly gentlemen said otherwise. They descended on the undertaker and charged him with being a masher. He protested. The gentlemen flashed police badges and one of them, a brute of a man, asked the young woman if the undertaker had made an improper proposal. Without batting an eyelash the young woman said he had. Rushing the undertaker and the girl into a waiting cab, the detectives ordered the driver to the nearest police station, vowing that here was one masher who would be taught a lesson.

The undertaker pleaded with them. He displayed his business card and lodge memberships, swore that there was some mistake that would ruin him. By degrees, as his protests became more earnest, one of his captors softened. The other remained hard-boiled until the panicky citizen mentioned money. The detectives released him for five hundred dollars in cash, collected from him at his bank. He also paid the cab fare.

Returning to his undertaker's parlor

*(Continued on page 34)*

**"Look, girls, he's breaking the hospital record for men's temperature!"** *Whitney Darrow, Jr.*


# SIR:

**What have you ever done to help her avert those PERIODIC FEARS?**

A PAT on the shoulder . . . a comforting kiss . . . Sir, do not deceive yourself that these feeble attempts will quiet the fears and apprehensions so constantly recurring in your wife's life.

It is *knowledge* that she needs. Authoritative information on marriage hygiene. If she struggles on without it, fear will haunt your home throughout your married life. Will you let her harbor this fear? . . . When you can so easily and tactfully dispel it?

*Knowledge of Marriage Hygiene vital to her health*

Put this booklet in her hands—"Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It is plain, simple, informative. No confusing medical terms. It tells how your wife can follow the method of feminine antisepsis that has been approved for years by the medical profession. The simple use, regularly and unfailingly, of the correct solution of "Lysol" disinfectant.

"Lysol" is *certain*. It penetrates to hidden crevices and destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Under the same conditions, weak, watery antiseptics lose 95% and more of their effectiveness. "Lysol" is *safe*. So soothing and healing that hospitals use it during childbirth, when feminine membranes are most strained and sensitive. Unlike chlorine compounds, "Lysol" contains no trace of free caustic alkali which burns and desensitizes tissue.

Incidentally, "Lysol" is very economical. A "Lysol" treatment costs less than a penny.

Marriage hygiene is a simple matter when you know the facts. There is no mystery about it. It is just plain, common sense facts, confirmed by medical experience. Yet, thanks to her husband's ignorance, false pride, and mistaken reserve, it is still withheld from many a needlessly wretched wife. Let us send you these facts—for the health and happiness of your wife—the whole success of your married life. The booklet will be sent in a plain envelope, of course.

**Tell your wife to send for this booklet**
**(Or fill in her name and mail the coupon yourself)**

LEHN&FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N.J. *Dept. LC-3*
*Sole Distributors of* "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

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*Address*_____

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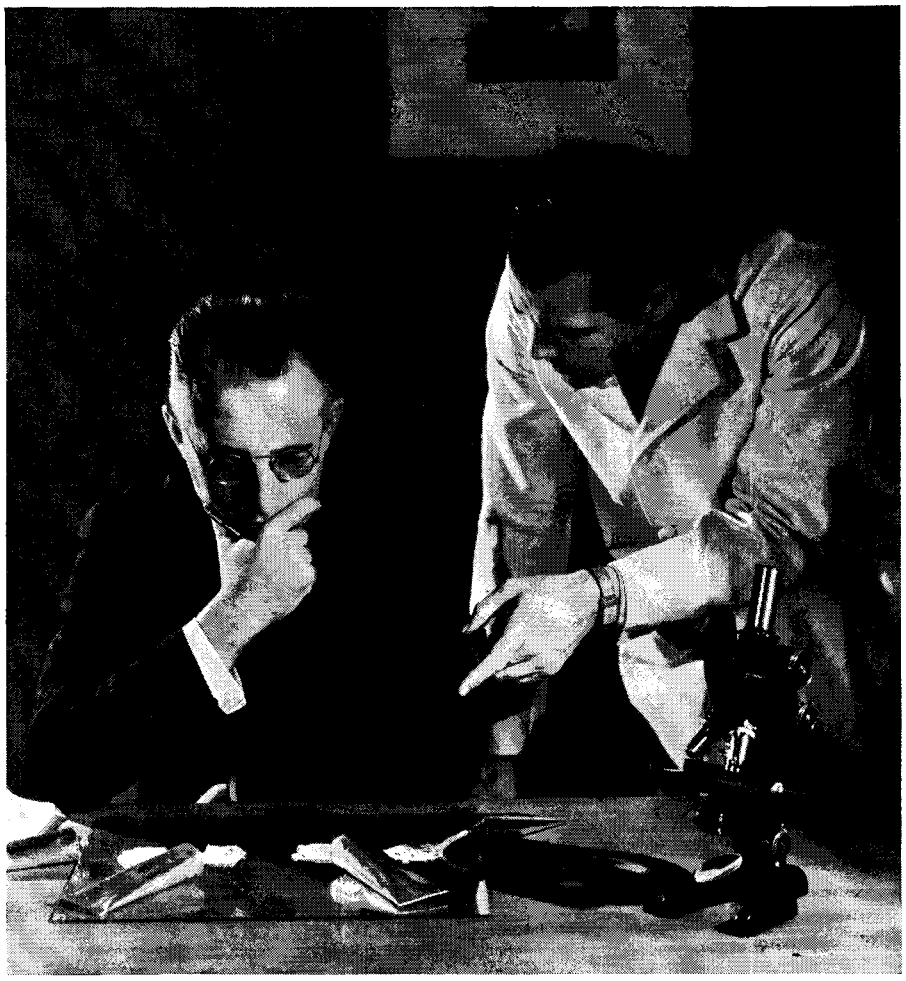

*W. G. Mennen—shaving specialist—says: "13 months of research and experiments—and now I've got it . . ."*

# "A New Brushless Shave! IT'S A CREAM *not a Grease*"

W. G. Mennen

"MAYBE you are one of the fellows who likes the idea of a brushless shave . . . tried one . . . and found it greasy, sticky—a mess! 'Never again,' you said!

"*I want you to take back those words!* I've got a brand new brushless shave—one that doesn't butter up your face and grease up your razor.

"My chemist and I worked thirteen months on this product. We experimented . . . Tested . . . Consulted shavers . . . Conferred with skin specialists.

"NOW we've got it—a brushless shave that's a cream—NOT A GREASE.

"Because Mennen Brushless Shave is a cream, it improves your shave four ways. Are those improvements important to you? You be the judge...

**The Four Improvements**

**1. Wilts Whiskers**—and smoothes the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin, *sails* through the wilted stubble—cuts clean. Swift! No pull!

**2. Washes off easily.** Off the face. Off the razor. Off the basin. Unlike greasy preparations, it *doesn't* clog or mess.

**3. Economical.** It spreads easier so you can use less (about ⅓ less). Gives more shaves per blade and per tube.

**4. Protects your skin.** Particularly good for dry, tender, easily chapped skins.

"Check me up! Get a tube today. Use it until you have made up your mind. If you *don't* think it's the last word, send the tube back to me and I'll refund your money. No 'ifs'—no 'buts'... Take advantage of the special introductory offer—now!"

**After the shave.** Mennen Skin Bracer cools and conditions the skin . . . Mennen Talcum for Men protects the face—kills face shine—doesn't show.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

New size tubes
Regular price 35¢

**NOW 25¢**

For a short time only. This offer includes Mennen Brushless Shave and Mennen Shaving Cream (Plain or Menthol-iced).

*(Continued from page 33)*

disillusioned regarding the good will of the human race, particularly with reference to pretty women studying window displays, the undertaker swallowed his loss but perhaps took consolation that his name had escaped disgrace. Perhaps also he contemplated some vague vindication when venal detectives would be caught and punished.

This seemed in immediate prospect when one bright morning a dapper young man entered his establishment and presented his card. An assistant district attorney. The district attorney's office, he explained, had been investigating complaints regarding a crew of blackmailers operating about town, employing a pretty woman as decoy. The men had been arrested, and the girl had turned state's evidence, naming the undertaker as one of the gang's victims. Was that true? Most certainly it was, said the undertaker. Glibly he recited details of the outrage.

### One After the Other

"Fine," said the assistant district attorney. "We'll subpœna you tomorrow for the grand jury."

The undertaker was alarmed. Was grand jury testimony made public?

"In this case, why not?" said the assistant district attorney.

The undertaker quailed. Publicity regarding any acquaintance, however fugitive, between himself and a designing young woman, was abhorrent.

The attorney was adamant. He must, in duty, testify. The subpœna would settle that—publicity or no publicity.

Result: he paid another five hundred dollars in cash to avoid being subpœnaed.

The undertaker brooded. Doubtless he contemplated emigration to Lapland or some equally remote frontier. But he had made no plans when there came another visitor. This time the representative of a large and sensational newspaper. The caller's card had the name of the paper printed in bold letters.

The reporter explained that he had been assigned to expose the depredations of phony assistant district attorneys who were mulcting business men. The undertaker's name had been divulged as one of the mulcted. Would the undertaker check over the facts as told to the reporter? The undertaker did, only to find his blood pressure alarmingly high when the reporter blandly thanked him and promised that the entire story would be duly published.

"Heavens, no!" sang the undertaker.

Parleying ensued. The newspaper man agreed to suppress this particular portion of his paper's exposé, for $500. The undertaker promised to pay the $500 the following day. But in the meantime, burdened by sorrow and also shocked to find that his wife had discovered a substantial inroad into their bank account, he told her his woe. Bright lady, she instantly communicated with a friend of the police commissioner.

### A Hand That Was Overplayed

When the bogus reporter called for his five hundred he was arrested. The police commissioner himself took the case in hand, stiffened the undertaker to take the stand. Result? That mob of pirates became guests of the state—with the exception of the girl, who had turned state's evidence—for terms ranging from four to ten years.

Ask Inspector Lyons if he can estimate the number of crooks or the amount of money involved in the annual blackmail bill. He can't. Nobody can. All he can say is that as a racket blackmail is as common as the human error it exploits. He believes that many millions are collected each year—in New York alone—basing this belief on the money mentioned in completed and far more uncompleted cases on his dockets. Elsewhere, the racket thrives as viciously if not as widely. Only last fall showfolk playing in Chicago uncovered the operation of an extortion mob whose members actually invaded their dressing-rooms at the theaters and compelled companies and individuals, including well-known stars, to pay for pay-roll protection.

Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, Inspector Lyons' superior, is as emphatic as his associate in lamenting police helplessness in most blackmail cases. The police of other countries, notably England, have assistance from the law, which prohibits publication of the true identity of the complainant in a blackmail case and thus promotes complaints. Since that law was adopted after the sensational "Mr. A." case in London involving an Indian maharajah, blackmail—according to Scotland Yard—has diminished to the point where complaints are rare enough to be news.

Not having any such protection here, Commissioner Mulrooney's advice is exceedingly simple.

"I believe," he says, "that in nine out of ten cases the blackmailer or extortionist would be stopped as soon as he started if his selected victim would defy him. The blackmailer wants money and dreads jail. A firm stand at the beginning is the best way of putting an end to him."

The case in which, according to Inspector Lyons, the largest blackmail booty known to the police was involved—$250,000—illustrates this.

A man known to the underworld as the "Count" and to the police by a number of names, and who has never been arrested under any, has lived on blackmail for twenty-five years. He picks his victim carefully in each case. It's always a wealthy man or woman who cannot, for business or social reasons, afford unfavorable publicity.

### Blackmail's Biggest "Haul"

He selected for his operations once a man of enormous wealth who, casually—as the victim thought—made the acquaintance of a charming girl on a transatlantic liner. The acquaintance ripened—and became too ripe when one day the girl told her patron that her fiancé had learned of their affair and demanded a show-down. The business man sent his lawyer to see the girl, sensing a frame-up. The lawyer reported that the girl and her fiancé demanded $50,000. After wrangling, this was paid. Later a demand came for $100,000.

The business man's attorney consulted the police. They were eager to act. Then the man in the background—the "Count"—sent two people to see the magnate—a maid in the girl's apartment and a clerk in her hotel. These informed the business man that, under duress, they had signed affidavits that the business man's affair with the girl had commenced at a certain date. That date, according to her claims, placed her under the statutory age limit and put an ugly criminal aspect on the affair.

Before negotiations were completed the business man had paid $250,000 to the blackmailers—the police standing by, helpless. That's the most successful known "case" the Count has ever had.

Some day he may slip. Detectives in four or five different countries are waiting for that slip. Slim, gray-haired Inspector Lyons knows this man, knows his record. He, too, is waiting. He knows this blackmail machine has worked smoothly for twenty-five years; but some day . . .

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# Another "Fight to End Fighting"

*Continued from page 9*

Japanese simply cannot compete with them.

"Instead of exporting human beings, Japan should export goods manufactured by human beings. What she needs is industrialization. Our cheap labor is most important to our industries, so it should be kept at home. It would be far better to make Manchuria a source of supply for raw materials and foodstuffs, of which Japan is badly in need.

"In Manchuria, of course, there is room for some Japanese. But I do not consider it a very good outlet for our surplus population. In this, I am quite aware, I run counter to a widespread view; yet I must stick to my own opinion. Emigration, I think, is a nineteenth-century idea."

"Will Japan protect at all costs her big investments in Manchuria and China?"

"Yes—just as America would protect American investments in foreign parts. To just what extent the Japanese may go in protecting them depends, of course, on their importance. As for Japanese investments in Manchukuo, we shall, of course, go to every length to protect them."

The Ambassador declared that the average Japanese considers the League of Nations a fine institution and approves heartily of coöperation between Japan and the League.

"The League of Nations is certainly one step forward toward the ideal of humanity," he said, "but we must bear in mind, in judging its actions, that it is still very young."

In conclusion, I asked the Ambassador: "What do you think is the average Japanese view of the course which should be taken, in the near future, by Japan and the United States in their dealings with each other?"

To this, after a little preliminary deliberation, he smilingly replied:

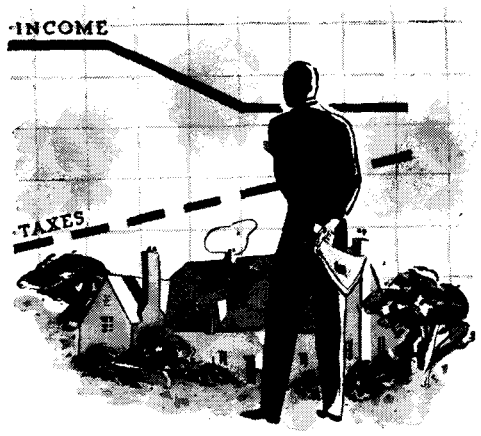
"Real friendship can be maintained between individuals only when they trust each other with sincere sympathy. Relations between countries should be the same as between individuals: each must understand the other's historical background, environment, economic conditions and traditions—and, of all these, traditions are the most important. Each must understand the other sympathetically and consider the stern realities with which the other is faced.

"Of course we must, in addition, understand each other's ideals. If we merely stick to stern realities and see nothing else, there can be little hope of real progress toward understanding. Nevertheless, stern realities must invariably be taken into consideration. This fundamental principle is most important in cementing real friendship.

"Americans and Japanese must not measure each other with a rigid yardstick. Let me speak to you quite frankly: you Americans and we Japanese are very good people, but both are too sentimental. In order that there may be genuine friendship between an American and a Japanese each must approach the other free from sentimentality and prejudice—each must come toward the other holding in his hand a good, flexible yardstick.

"Sympathetic understanding of stern realities and ideals!—that's what the United States and Japan need!"

"This morning, when I pulled the lever, instead of a pin, this piano came out of the machine!" *Jack Markow*


# With Taxes up and Income down

## *Property Owners welcome the substantial saving offered by* Mutual *Fire Insurance*

IT was never easy to manage property successfully. Today it is harder than ever, with taxes higher—rents lower—collections difficult and refinancing a problem.

In this situation there is one sensible, sound economy available to any property owner anywhere—the saving offered by *mutual* fire insurance.

This saving has been familiar and helpful to hundreds of thousands of property owners for many years—yet it is now attracting additional thousands every month.

Today over 37 billion dollars worth of American property is protected against fire under mutual policies. Owners *mutually* insured save a total of over $60,000,000 a year.

Seventy-five leading, legal reserve companies make up the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. These sound, well financed organizations with an average corporate age of fifty years, are qualified to furnish you protection and service at the lowest possible cost.

In the past three years these companies have returned over $43,000,000 in dividends. The individual policyholder has received a substantial part of his premium—a net saving since *mutual* premium rates are in general no higher than those of other first grade, legal reserve companies.

If you are interested in reducing your overhead costs, write today for a list of Federation companies and an explanation of the benefits available to you through *mutual* insurance.

*This Seal identifies a member company of The Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.*

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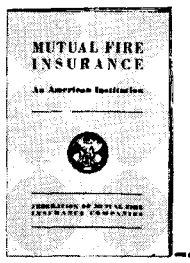
*An American Institution*

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Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies,
Room 2103 — 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a list of Federation companies—also a full explanation of the operation and benefits of *mutual* fire insurance.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____


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Straight as the homing-pigeon!

*. . . leading air lines fly with Radio Telephone*

With remarkable regularity, pilots on the country's major air lines now bring passenger and mail planes through on time. Western Electric Radio Telephone flies with them, helps them to keep schedules by supplying priceless information, serves as a guiding hand through darkness, clouds and fog.

Because of its half century of experience in making Bell Telephones, Western Electric is the recognized leader in the field of sound transmission. Western Electric airplane radio telephone, broadcasting equipment, talking picture apparatus, the new Audiphone for the hard-of-hearing—all these are examples of how this Company has put its specialized knowledge to work in serving the public.

**Western Electric**

LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

# They didn't know Nancy

*Continued from page 15*

his way to the bathroom. "Don't you know Caroline doesn't like chicken all mixed up with potato?"

Nancy stood stock-still, the blood pounding in her ears. These were the thanks she got. Derk Ranier was coming out of George's room; she simply couldn't meet him now. She couldn't go back into Benny's room and risk waking him. She couldn't reach her own room without seeing Caroline. She ducked quickly down the stairs.

The Lyndon stairs divided at the landing, and half a flight led to the front hall, and half a flight to a side entrance and a door into the kitchen. Nancy skittered round the corner, and sat down midway of the back section. She would have been safe from observation if Derk Ranier had not mistaken his way at the landing and turned in her direction. He pulled himself up short, almost on top of her.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't see you."

"You weren't supposed to," said Nancy. "I'm hiding."

Derk Ranier bent over her; the light fell on his high coppery head and made it shine. She saw his look change a little—it was hard to say just how. A certain stiffness, like formality, went out of it, and left a gentle teasing. "I'm good at finding hidden things," he said. "The bushmen of Australia have a saying that the rarest gems are found in the darkest places." He put his fingers under her chin and tilted back her head; she was annoyed to feel warm color flooding up under his touch. "Can you go out later?"

A little current of excitement swept over Nancy. He had been looking for her then. He had come this way on purpose. He wanted her to be at the dance. . . . "I might, if Benny keeps on sleeping."

"Have a good time," said Derk Ranier. He bent quickly and touched her hand. "Go to the movies or something. . . ." Elaine's light footsteps sounded overhead. He sprang up the stairs to the landing, and down the stairs to the hall.

Nancy looked down at the hand Derk Ranier had touched. There was a silver half-dollar in it. Derk Ranier thought she was a nursemaid. He thought the smock was a uniform. He had given her a tip. . . .

Nancy Lyndon found herself shaking with pure, unmitigated rage. She sent the half-dollar crashing through the glass door. She brushed past Aunt Laetitia in the hall. She rushed into her own room and slammed the door behind her. "All my life," she stormed, "I've tried to please somebody. And this is what I get for it. Now I'm going to please myself."

FOR the first time in years, Nancy Lyndon did not get up the next morning to poach her father's egg in milk and squeeze Aunt Laetitia's orange juice and make Elaine's crisp, buttered toast and find where George had left his hat and play a game with Benny's cereal. She lay with her hands clasped under her head, one foot cocked on a knee, and admired a slim gold leg in peach-colored crêpe de Chine. It was nice that Elaine's pajamas had shrunk so in the wash.

Downstairs there was an assortment of noises. A sound of altercation—that would be her father not liking his egg—ending in a breaking plate; something tipped over in the hall—George not finding his hat. Aunt Laetitia sent her orange juice back and said there was a seed in it. Benny, Nancy judged, was having a tantrum. The slamming of the front door shook the house—her father going for a street car. Mary knocked at Nancy's door and walked right in.

"I'm leaving," she announced.

"Are you?" said Nancy, in an interested way.

Mary was a trifle taken aback. She launched into a long and complicated tirade. "And it's not a garbage can I am," she said, "to be flung toast and butter in the face of because it wasn't crisp; nor yet a seed catalogue, nor yet a hat tree. And I *will* not be thrown plates at."

"I don't blame you," agreed Nancy. "If I'd been you, I should have left long ago."

WHEN Mary had gone, Nancy pulled a rubber cap over her curls and poured Elaine's best bath salts into a deep, warm tub. She was paddling luxuriously when Elaine came rattling the door.

"I'm in a tearing hurry," she said. "Derk and I are going to Kittering Beach, and I haven't a decent rag. I'll have to rush if I go in town to buy something. We're going to have an early lunch and start right afterward and take a picnic supper and watch the moon rise. What was the matter with the coffee?"

"How do I know?" said Nancy.

"If Derk comes before I get back, tell him I'll be right down. Don't let him find out I didn't have the right clothes. He can read till I come."

"All right," said Nancy. She knew what book Derk Ranier would find on the living-room table: the Idylls of the King, with its back broken at the page about Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable.

"Oh—and put us up a lunch. I think Derk would like those open-faced round sandwiches with the pimiento crossed on top."

"Would he?" said Nancy.

"We're going to take our car, because the Raniers are using theirs. Don't go off anywhere with it."

"I won't," Nancy promised.

Nancy had a busy morning after Elaine left. She spent some time in the kitchen, and some time in the garage, and some time at the telephone—Caroline and Mrs. Henderson and Larry—and she spent quite a lot of time at the lower end of the garden with a spade and a can of pimientos. She packed Aunt Laetitia off to spend the day with Mrs. Henderson. Then she went to get dressed.

Nancy hesitated over what to wear. Simplicity, she decided finally—and plenty of it. She chose a straight white linen, demure as all get-out, and buttoned it severely down her stomach; she brushed her hair to make it lie flat, and the brushing caused it to stick up and curl worse than ever. She sat in the living-room, with her white shoes crossed before her, and practiced looking demure. She looked about as demure as Puck's kid sister. "If Derk Ranier doesn't come before Elaine does," she mused, "I'll have to do something."

Derk Ranier, however, solved her difficulty by telephoning. Would she please tell Miss Lyndon that he should have to be a trifle late? He had no swimming suit, and found he could not buy one there. He'd have to go to the city. . . .

"Oh, that's all right," said Nancy cheerfully. "Come right over, and I'll fix you up with George's."

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She let him ring twice. Then she trailed down, with George's swimming trunks dangling from her fingers, and flung the door wide open. "Hello," she said. "Come on in and try them up to you. If they're too big, I can take a tuck."

Derk Ranier hesitated. "Where? . . ." he began uncertainly. "Who? . . . Why? . . ."

"Better step inside," advised Nancy. "You can't try them on the porch."

Derk Ranier stepped in hastily. "Where? . . ." he began again.

"She's coming," said Nancy.

"I was going to say," finished Derk Ranier stubbornly, "where have I seen you before? It—wasn't it on the back stairs?"

NANCY widened her eyes at him. They looked black. They looked deep, and completely unfathomable, with little bright lights of mischief. She perceived that in her plain, white dress buttoned so severely down the stomach, her plain, white shoes, her answering of telephone and door, Derk Ranier still took her for a servant. She had meant to tell him at once the joke about who she was. But now she perceived how much richer and rarer the joke would be if she were to let it go on a little—say, until Elaine came. She widened her eyes still farther. "Oh," she said. "You're the kind gentleman who gave me fifty cents."

Nancy sat in a big chair and curled one foot under her. Derk Ranier was obviously embarrassed. He kept looking toward the door. "I don't want to get you into any trouble. . . ."

"Oh, they won't fire me," said Nancy casually, "if that's what you mean. They couldn't get anyone else to do half so much."

"A girl like you," muttered Derk, "shouldn't have to do anything."

"Miss Lyndon said," remarked Nancy, "that you could read till she came. We've got a book. It's on the table."

"What would I read for?" demanded Derk, suddenly casting all discretion to the four bright winds.

"To improve your mind."

"I'd rather," said Derk Ranier, "improve my opportunity."

They had turned on the radio and were dancing when Elaine came. Nancy loved to dance; it set something free inside her. Derk danced lightly but with decision, and his touch was firm and close; Nancy felt the thinness and hardness of his body against hers. He seemed to have forgotten about her being the maid. . . .

They did not hear Elaine come in the side door and slip up the stairs. They did not hear anything until Elaine stood before them.

Elaine had on a rough silk beach suit of a peculiarly clear and lovely violet, and white clogs with purple straps. She had an enormous drooping beach hat that shaded her fair, flawless face with shadows faintly lavender. Elaine, Nancy perceived at once, was being an amethyst today. She stiffened a little in Derk's arms, and Derk swung about and saw Elaine also.

Derk Ranier stopped dead. He drew himself up sharply.

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "It is all my fault. I hope you will not blame your little maid."

Elaine stood still in the doorway and looked from Derk to Nancy, taking in the situation. "Don't think of it again," she said coolly. "One is informal, you understand, in these small towns. Nancy is quite one of the family."

Nancy stood stunned—for an instant unbelieving. Then all the hurt and pride and anger of a thousand petty injustices flared up and took possession of her. Nancy had not been quite sure before that she really meant to do it. But she was sure now.

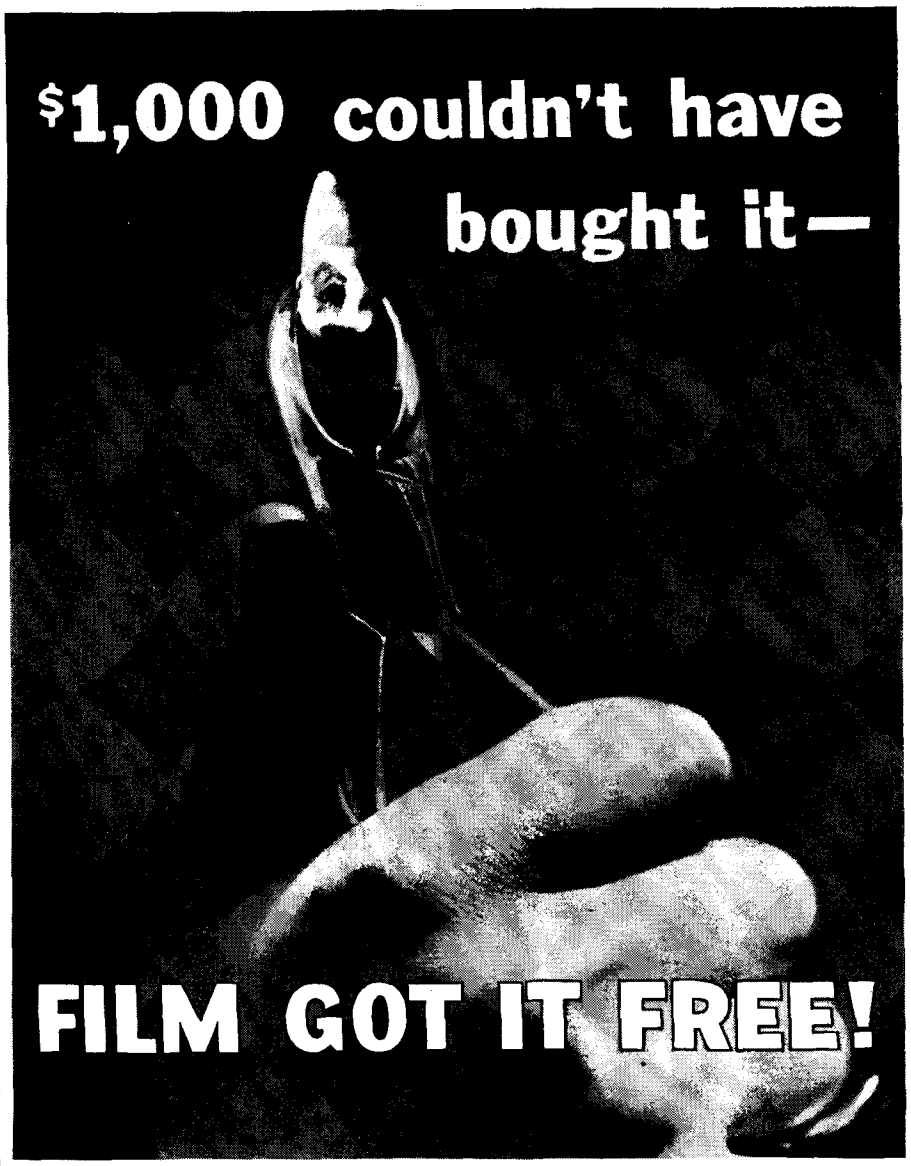
"Are you ready, Derk?" said Elaine sweetly.

"No, he isn't," said Nancy with finality. "I've got to take a tuck in his trousers."

IT WAS simply amazing after that how many things happened to prevent their getting off. Of course you could not really blame Nancy. No one could have been more helpful.

*(Continued on page 38)*

The lighthouse keeper left his wife in charge *Ned Hilton*


# Most tooth troubles start in film

YEAR AFTER YEAR film endangered this poor tooth. Year after year the neglected molar helplessly resisted. Film formed constantly—and each new coat contained millions of decay germs. One day the acids these germs produced ate through nature's defense-wall of enamel and molar's fight was lost. A masterpiece nature had taken years to build—a precious tooth—was doomed to come out!

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What is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

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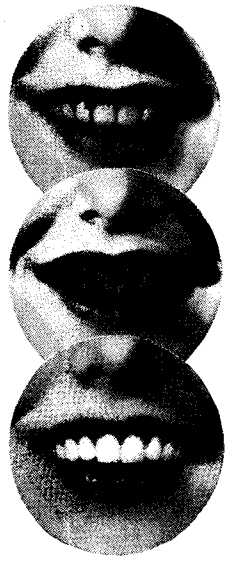
## See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

**At 8 p.m.**—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

**At 10 p.m.**—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

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*(Continued from page 37)*

In the first place Nancy had to change the belt of George's swimming trunks; in her anxiety to have it right, it took her almost forever. "I'm afraid I'm rather slow," she apologized. "But of course I want it strong. It really would be awkward, if it all ripped out." She moved her knee ever so slightly, and the spool rolled across the floor. Derk brought it back to her.

"Come here, Derk," said Elaine, "and see these clouds. Beautiful, don't you think . . . that sort of amethyst shade?"

"Beautiful," agreed Derk. Elaine's fair head was close beside his shoulder, and the hat she held before her cast an amethyst shadow under her chin.

THEY carried out the swimming suit finally, with Elaine's, and the purple beach cushions, and the robes, and stowed them in the car. "Now, the lunch. . . ."

"There isn't any," said Nancy. "You know you said pimiento sandwiches, and the pimiento has disappeared. And I couldn't go after any more, because you told me not to take the car. . . ."

"Why didn't you send Mary?" said Elaine sharply.

"Mary's left. She didn't like it because you threw buttered toast in her face."

This, with great abruptness, closed the subject of Mary's leaving. "Well, put us up something," Elaine ordered.

"There's bread and cheese," said Nancy brightly.

She and Derk between them cobbled up some amazingly large, fat, crooked sandwiches. It took them a long time.

"Oh, Derk," Elaine called plaintively. "I'm all tangled up with this perfectly enormous big umbrella."

Derk went to help her. For a moment it seemed as if Elaine and the purple beach umbrella and Derk Ranier were all tangled up together.

They carried out the sandwiches and a paper bag of peaches, and stowed those in the car also. "It looks like rain," Derk said. "I don't know about Kittering. . . ."

But Elaine had a beach costume, and she urgently needed a beach. "The shore is marvelous just before a storm," she murmured. "The aquamarine of the waves and the opal sky . . ."

"And the diamond rain," put in Nancy, "and the pearly fog and the onyx clouds and the topaz lightning. . . ."

Derk Ranier turned away sharply and made a noise like choking.

But at last they were ready. They were actually in the car. Derk Ranier called goodby, and Elaine dismissed Nancy with a nod. And then Derk trod on the starter—and nothing started.

"Queer," Nancy said. "It never acted like that before." She picked up a loose nut lying beside the monkey wrench, and put it unobtrusively in her pocket.

Derk Ranier worked on the car for an hour. Then they called the garage. The garage man said it was the strangest case he had ever known; every other thing, he said, was missing. He went back to the garage to get every other thing.

By this time the afternoon was over. It became evident that Derk and Elaine would have to stay for dinner.

"Won't it make a lot of bother?" Derk asked.

"Oh, no," said Nancy. "I'll just open another can and put another cup of water in the soup." She pretended not to see the look that Elaine gave her.

Elaine had arranged a black pillow behind her and turned on the most softly shaded of the lamps; its light made her a lovely figure of gold and cream and purple shadow—an exotic ivory lady against a lacquer screen. Derk Ranier sat close beside her. Her fingers rested lightly on his arm. They were talking about jewels.

"What was the most precious one you ever found?" Elaine asked softly.

"You mean the most valuable?" said Derk. "Oh, I suppose that was the Ascension Diamond. They set it in platinum—a brooch, half as large as my palm—and it was very beautiful. But the most precious one to *me* . . . Somehow today made me think of it. . . ."

Nancy pried open a can with a loud, unnecessary banging.

She had done it. She had kept him there, instead of letting him go off with Elaine. And what had it got her? A chance to stay in the kitchen while Elaine wound Derk to her by every feminine wile she knew—and she knew a great many.

Nancy was annoyed because, even after the family gathered, Derk did not discover who she was. It wasn't his fault, exactly, with everyone giving her orders. But she was annoyed just the same. She should never tell him now. There was no reason to.

Caroline came then, acting as if she had been invited. Larry came also, in a new blue tie. Elaine saw that her tête-à-tête was over, and Nancy knew that she was angry. Angry at the new arrivals; and at the family, unprepared, and showing off so badly; and at the waste of a perfect costume. Angry most of all at Nancy. Nancy knew because of the way Elaine's mouth grew smaller; anger always pinched Elaine's lips. But you would never have guessed she had a temper to see the way she looked at Derk Ranier.

"How long before dinner?" she asked.

"Ten minutes," said Nancy meanly.

"I must hurry," said Elaine, drifting languidly toward the stairs. She cast a look over her shoulder full of promise for Derk Ranier.

Derk came when Elaine had gone and asked if he could help. "Sure," Nancy said. "You can set the table." She saw him hesitating over places. "Put one on for me. I generally sit down—just like one of the family."

There was a little more edge in Nancy's voice than she had quite intended. The truth is a sharp-edged thing.

The truth was that Nancy liked Derk Ranier—too much. She had not counted on that. She had not counted on having her breath stop short in her throat every time he came near. When she handed him the napkins, and his hand touched hers, it sent a warmth and weakness singing through her, terribly disconcerting. The plates clattered sharply in her fingers.

She hurried off to speak to Larry about his tie: "Just the shade I meant. . . ."

"It won't do any good," said Larry gloomily. He looked shy and bothered and rather nice.

"Probably not," said Nancy. "Most things don't. Tell her she looks like a jewel. . . ."

ELAINE was late, of course. When she came at last it was slowly, with a very conscious grace. She was in yellow this time—pale yellow to match her hair—poured close about every supple line; it flowed down the stairs behind her in a lovely molten stream. "Topaz," Nancy telegraphed to Larry. Elaine swept into the dining-room like a queen approaching the royal board.

There were no place cards tonight; Nancy pointed out the seats with a slim, brown finger. In the center of the table was a plate of toasted crackers; an empty bowl stood at each plate. Nancy brought in a great smoking soup tureen, with a mammoth silver ladle sticking out the top. She set it down in the midst of a very large silence.

Larry, with commendable prompt-

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ness, succeeded in holding Elaine's chair. Derk held Nancy's—there was nothing else to do.

"Where," said Aunt Laetitia austerely, "are the vegetables?"

"In the soup," said Nancy, more brightly than she felt.

Mr. Lyndon sniffed appraisingly. "Bean?"

"Yes," said Nancy. "Also pea, carrot, asparagus, celery and tomato. Also lamb stew, chicken gumbo and beef and barley. Order anything you like. It's all in that dish. Benny, pass the crackers."

"Ice cream," remarked Benny.

"Iced milk," Nancy corrected.

"I'll have a tantrum," said Benny.

"Do," said Nancy. "I'm just in the mood for it."

Apparently everyone else was in the mood for it too. Mr. Lyndon was begining to talk about toiling and moiling; Aunt Laetitia was getting ready to shed tears into the cream pitcher. Caroline pouted, and George scowled, and Elaine . . .

SUDDENLY Nancy was rather sorry for them. She was angry at herself. She must do something . . . quick.

The tears pricked behind Nancy's lashes, and her fingers under the table edge twisted her napkin in a knot. Derk was so near to her—and he was so far away. But when she turned to him she was laughing. The comical little pucker came over the top of her nose.

"When Benny has tantrums," she said, "he sits on the floor and kicks and screams. He does it awfully well. What do they do when they have tantrums in darkest Africa?"

Derk Ranier looked at Nancy. There was color in her cheeks from the heat of the stove, and her curls were on end. "They beat the drums," he said. "And then they go out in the jungle and catch a lion to make lion stew."

Elaine pushed her bowl away. "Revolting," she murmured.

"I think it's good," said Derk Ranier, putting in a big spoonful of his soup. Mr. Lyndon laughed.

Presently, as if that were a signal, everyone was laughing—everyone, that is, but Elaine. Derk Ranier was telling stories. Not the kind he had told last night, about the princess' clothes and the British crown jewels; not even the one Elaine asked for about the Giant Topaz, nor the one requested by Aunt Laetitia about the fruits of South America. Hilarious stories: how the wild bees got in the cook tent, and how the crocodile swallowed the money belt, and how he was nearly mobbed in Bangalore because he sneaked out and milked the sacred cow.

Nancy kept him going with unobtrusive questions. And Derk was very tactful. He ate three helpings of soup, each slightly larger than the last. The others ate it too—even Aunt Laetitia fished out the vegetables. During the story about the sacred cow, Benny accidentally drank his milk. There was lemon pie for dessert. Elaine said pie was common. But Derk ate two pieces. Aunt Laetitia murmured that after all she supposed a lemon was a fruit. Mr. Lyndon flourished the pie knife. "My wife's recipe," he said proudly. Suddenly everyone was pleased. Everyone, that is, but Elaine.

She turned suddenly to Larry. "Don't you think," she whispered, "that all these *uncivilized* experiences make a man a little bit *uncouth?*"

DERK RANIER and Nancy were in the kitchen. Caroline and George had gone out. Mr. Lyndon and Aunt Laetitia were playing backgammon. Benny had gone to carry lemon pie to Mrs. Henderson. Elaine and Larry were on the davenport. Derk Ranier and Nancy were washing the dishes.

Nancy wished that Derk would not stand so near. When his fingers touched hers over the hot cups, it upset her dreadfully. It sent a madness racing through her veins like too much wine. She wished he would not bend toward her so the light came on his high, coppery head and made it shine. She wished his lips were not so hard . . . and tender. She wished he would not look at her like that. She wished she could keep from looking at him.

"You had a nice party," Derk was saying.

"*Party!*" said Nancy.

"Er—different from last night. Not so stiff. That was because *you* were here."

Nancy laughed, a little bitterly. "I guess it was," she admitted. "Ask Elaine. She'll tell you!"

"Elaine . . ." said Derk vaguely—as if he could hardly remember who Elaine was. "She's lovely, isn't she? You know, she reminds me of a diamond? Very hard and bright and beautiful—and transparent."

Nancy hardly listened. She *wished* she could not feel his breath short and quick, against her cheek. She clung to the front of the sink to steady herself.

Derk was going on: "There was a stone once—the most precious one I ever found. . . ."

"I heard you telling Elaine about it," Nancy said dryly. "You don't need to bother to tell me."

"But I hadn't finished," said Derk. "She didn't seem to want to hear the rest after I said it reminded me of you."

"Of . . . of me?" said Nancy faintly.

"It was a strange stone," said Derk. There was a hushed note, of wonder, in his voice. "I found it in the Sulaimans above Kandahar, and no one ever found another like it. It was blue and it wasn't blue. It was green and it wasn't green. Sometimes it was black. It was gay, and unexpected, and exciting . . . like you."

SUDDENLY he was drawing her to him. His hands were hard about her wrists. There was a queer look in his face, a rejoicing look, as if he had found a jewel he had sought for a long time. His eyes were strained and eager as his lips came down toward hers.

Suddenly Nancy was wildly angry—because she liked him so much. She wrenched fiercely at her hands. "You let me alone," she cried furiously. "You think I'm just the maid, and I'll be pleased and flattered. You think you can do anything, and get away with it. Well, you can't. Did you dare to kiss Elaine, in there alone? Tell me that. Did you?"

He still held her, but without drawing her any nearer. "Elaine?" he said. "Why, no. Why should I? I—I couldn't ever love Elaine."

"Love?" repeated Nancy softly.

The door burst open and Benny came tearing in. "Oh, look-it, Sister," he cried. "Look-it what I found. It's half a dollar. It was right out in the bushes, by the side door. . . ."

"Keep it," said Nancy. "It's a tip."

Benny rushed away again, shrieking for the young Hendersons.

"Love?" repeated Nancy. She really pulled her hands free this time. She pulled them free so she could reach them up to Derk's shoulders.

Derk was shaking her. "You little minx," he was saying. "What do you suppose I care who you are? What if she is your sister? Do you suppose I mind? What do you suppose I spent half the afternoon for, fixing the car so it wouldn't go? What? . . . Nancy! Nancy Lyndon! Will you *please* hold still while I kiss you?"

Nancy Lyndon held still—just to please Derk Ranier.


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# Cold Trails

*Continued from page 25*

any of you at all. Do you understand that?"

He thought she colored, very faintly. "Suppose I don't choose to understand that?"

"Then swing wide," he heard himself say. "Swing wide and stay clear! And I shouldn't have to tell you that again."

There was a peculiar gleam in her cool, amazingly clear eyes. "I don't think you're so dangerous," she said.

"I don't know what you mean."

She dropped her voice into a drawl, mocking his own: "I mean—if you and I were left afoot, on some far mountain, at night, all alone with only one blanket between us—I shouldn't be afraid of anything happening, not anything at all."

He turned on her, low-voiced. "Then," he said, "you're a fool." He snapped the car door open.

Marian Dunn hesitated a moment more; then stepped out of the car and walked ahead of him up the street.

HENRY SHAFER, justice of what peace was left, was a limited little man, mild and watery of eye. He had spent all his life in this one town, and he had never made any enemies because he had never taken sides. So finally he had got himself elected to office, an honor which he appreciated more greatly than anything that had ever happened to him in his life. Nobody had ever accused him of dishonesty.

His office in which they now gathered was an exceedingly small frame structure; three or four wooden steps led up from the sidewalk to the door, and upon the window were painted the words, "Real Estate, Insurance and Justice of the Peace." Inside, in a corner, was a roll-top desk bearing a vast, dusty litter, but a long, time-scarred table took up most of the little space. At a corner of this sat the paunchy little justice, at his right hand a constable who looked like an elderly cowboy down on his luck.

Horse Dunn—his great size made the room suddenly seem even smaller than it was—shouldered in without greeting anyone.

Shafer jumped up and ran around the table to place a chair for Marian at the end opposite himself, and when this was done the remainder of the room filled rapidly with sombreroed men.

Link Bender was there, looking hard-bitten and taciturn, and so was Rufe Deane, a green-eyed man with heavy sorrel eyebrows and a storm-carved face; the lanky Pinto Halliday took up an uncomfortable position in the corner by the door. And there were other cattlemen, and some of the cowboys and line riders from the outfits of these men, cramming what little space was left.

The press of men in this room were Dunn's neighbors, who had known him for years; yet no word was exchanged between these others and the boss of the 94. There was something unnerving in the silence and the lack of expression in all those desert-weathered faces; you could feel in that room a tireless, long-waiting hostility.

"Go ahead and open the court," said Shafer.

The constable half rose. "She's off," he said, and sat down again.

"Who's prosecuting this case?"

The sheriff said, "I am, Judge. The district attorney's gone upstate to sit in on the Democratic committee, like you know."

"I see here," said Shafer, fussing with papers, "you got William Wheeler charged with resisting an officer; bearing arms against authority; assault; assault and battery; assault with a deadly weapon, and assault with intent to kill."

"What about assault on horseback?" said Billy Wheeler.

"Never heard of it," said Shafer.

Sheriff Amos looked disgusted. "Let's get on with it."

"William Wheeler, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"What seems to have gone on here?" Shafer asked Amos.

"Judge," said Walt Amos, "since this ruckus on Short Crick there's been a lot of people trampling around there, gumming up the evidence. So we made deputies of Pinto Halliday and Kid Bender, and we sent 'em to Short Crick to keep fellers out of there. Now yesterday this Wheeler come prowling around there, and when the Kid told him to beat it, he wouldn't go. The Kid tried to argue with him, but this feller got tough, and they had words. The upshot was Wheeler drew his gun and fired. He—"

Wheeler broke in: "Well, of all the infernal—"

"Keep quiet," said Shafer. The 94 men exchanged glances.

"Well," the sheriff went on, "he didn't hit anything, but the flash of the gun was right under the nose of the Kid's horse, and she reared over backwards on him. The Kid come out of it with concussion of the brain, fracture of the tibia, and two busted ribs."

Amos now produced and read aloud Kid Bender's statement—a repetition of his own.

"You got any questions, Wheeler?"

Wheeler was appalled. It had not occurred to him that Bender's people would attempt so bald-faced a lie. What had started out as a sample of irritable officiousness had suddenly taken on unknown possibilities. Angering, he eyed the sheriff. Then:

"The Kid isn't here to *be* questioned," he snapped.

"I'll call Pinto Halliday," Amos said.

The lanky Halliday came out of a corner reluctantly, looking ill-natured; and a swarthy cowboy who had no official business there was persuaded to give Halliday his seat at the table.

UNDER the questioning of Walt Amos, Pinto Halliday now stated that he had been in a different part of the Short Creek cuts. Being down in the arroyo, he had not seen the shot fired; but he was riding to join Kid Bender and he had ridden up out of the cut in time to see the Kid down under his fallen horse, and Billy Wheeler with a smoking gun in his hand.

Billy Wheeler demanded, "You mean to sit there and—"

"You stay in your chute," the judge warned him.

"Pinto," Amos said, "was there anybody else with Wheeler?"

"Miss Dunn, here, was with Wheeler."

"Look here," Wheeler broke in again. "What's the idea dragging her into this?"

"We'll leave her out if you will," Amos said.

"He's got a right to drag in anybody he wants to," Shafer gave his opinion, "so long as it's competent and material. And constitutional."

"Did Miss Dunn say anything?"

"Miss Dunn rides down and jumps off her horse, and she wipes off Kid Bender's face with her handkerchief. And she looks square at this jigger and she says, 'There wasn't no excuse for it,' she says."

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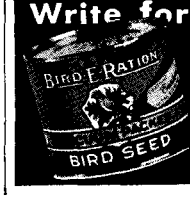


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Billy Wheeler looked at Marian. The girl sat with her cheek pressed on one hand; her face was quiet, her eyes sober and watchful.

"That's all," said Amos.

"What's the idea," Shafer asked Wheeler sternly, "pulling a gun on an officer?"

Wheeler ignored him. "Halliday," he said, "how far away were you when you heard the shot fired?"

"I'd say about three hundred yards."

"Yet right away you saw this smoke from my gun—three hundred yards away? That gun sure must have sent up a smudge!"

"By the time I came out of the cut I was closer—not over a hundred yards."

"How long after the shot was that?"

"I'd say about five seconds."

"What'll you take for the horse?"

"Huh?"

"If that horse went two hundred yards and climbed out of a draw in five seconds, he sure must be a streak of light!"

"Well, maybe it was ten or fifteen seconds."

"And what did you say I had smoking in my hand all this time?"

"A gun, by God!"

"The way you tell it," Wheeler said, "it sounds more like a smoke bomb."

"YOU trying to make a fool of me?" Pinto demanded.

"Did you notice the Kid's gun was out?"

"I suppose it fell out when his horse went down."

"You mean, you figure his gun fell out of his holster and into his hand—and the fall brought the gun to full cock?"

"I never seen no gun in his hand," said Pinto stubbornly.

"That's all."

"That's all the witnesses there is to this, Judge Shafer," Amos said. "I can call in the doctor to speak on how bad Kid Bender was hurt, but it don't hardly seem we need him. This is a right simple case, with plenty of eyewitnesses. Looks like that ought to be enough."

Shafer looked doubtful. "Well—what you got to say, Wheeler?"

"I plead self-defense, Judge," said Wheeler. "Kid Bender made a surprise draw; I grabbed his bit and raised his horse up to make him miss. But it was his own gun going off that made his horse go over. I pulled my gun and stood ready in case he took another shot at me; but I didn't fire, then or any time."

"What was the idea resisting an officer in the first place?" Shafer said.

"The only thing I resisted was getting shot."

"Well, call your witnesses."

"I'm not calling any."

Shafer looked surprised; he glanced at Marian Dunn. "I thought—"

"I move this case be dismissed," said Wheeler.

"You move *what?*" Shafer demanded. "You know darn' well I can't dismiss it! What becomes of this country if—"

"All you've got here is a statement from a little punk who doesn't even appear," Wheeler contended. "He may be raving delirious, for all we know. Pinto Halliday is all snarled up in his own rope. He's contradicted himself twice on the speed of his horse; and on top of that he claims he sat a hundred yards away, and saw a gun still smoking a full quarter minute after it was fired. Isn't that wonderful? Because a modern smokeless cartridge makes no smoke puff in the first place."

"Any cartridge will make smoke," Amos contradicted him.

"Fire off a gun," Wheeler suggested, "and let the judge see this big column of smoke."

Sheriff Amos hesitated, looked questioningly at Shafer, made a half movement toward his holster. Then he stood up, and his eyes drifted to the windows, and the open door. And now they all noticed that a crowd had gathered outside the little building, overflowing the sidewalk, so that the street was full of men. It was a quiet crowd, interested, waiting; and it was made up of men that were lean and darkly tanned, and in the work clothes of the range.

There was worry on the young sheriff's face as he studied the crowd in the street. "Excuse me a minute," he said.

"Where you going?"

The sheriff looked sheepish but stubborn. "I don't figure to take any chances. Everybody on the range is interested in this case; it's a test case, in a way. If I'm going to let off a gun, I figure these people out here better be told what the shooting's for."

There was a threat there; more threat in the sheriff's uneasy precautions than bluster could possibly convey.

The little justice of the peace fidgeted. "There's no sense in firing off guns in here. I've seen guns before."

"Well," said Wheeler, "will you admit that Pinto Halliday couldn't have seen any gun smoke?"

Shafer glared. "Are you questioning *me*, sir?"

Wheeler shrugged. "Judge, I made a motion to dismiss."

"Well, your motion is thrown out!"

"This is a mighty serious offense, Judge," Amos said. "The law calls for as high as five years for a thing like this. We got to bind him over to district court, naturally. But what we want is to hold him without bail. We—"

They were at the point of the whole thing now. If the 94 had a chance, it depended on the activity of Wheeler, who, with his credit and his cow finance connections, might gain time for Horse Dunn. Not the danger of ultimate conviction, but delay on a trumped-up charge was what Wheeler feared.

Horse Dunn snarled in his throat, and there was an instant's silence. Nothing could have shown the force of the man, and the resented power he held, better than that. "Order!" said Judge Shafer, looking startled. "Order in the court!" His command sounded fantastic in that quiet room, for Dunn said nothing.

"THIS," Amos went on, "is a wealthy man, as folks around here go. And he's lined up with a wealthy outfit. But it's people like him that raise the hell around here, always water-hogging, always roughing the range. We can't hardly get through a season any more without some poor feller gets dry-gulched. One's been killed only just this week. Now, if this guy can pull a gun on an officer, and put him out of business, and then walk out of here free and sassy—then we aren't going to have any law at all, and I can't answer for it. That's all I got to say."

"You want to say anything, Wheeler?" Shafer asked.

"Judge, if it's got so a man can't even put up bail while he waits for a trial in district court, then there's no justice left."

"I'll decide that," Shafer said tartly. "If it's come to a pass where—"

"Now, you look here," Horse Dunn boomed.

"Quiet here!" Shafer snapped. "I can't see but what the sheriff's position is reasonable, and more than reasonable. The statement sworn to by Kid Bender and the statement by the defendant are two different things; but there's a witness backing up Kid Bender. There's been altogether too much gun-toting and general ructions on this range. I—"

The mumble of many voices in the

*(Continued on page 42)*

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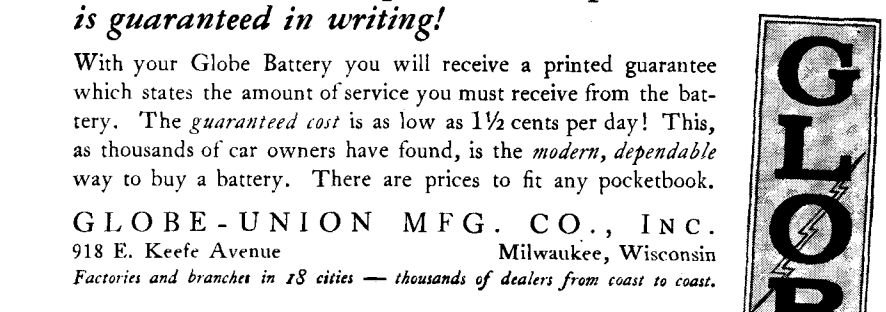


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*(Continued from page 41)*

street was unobtrusive, and the dense throng of men in that crowded little room had stood quiet, almost solemn in their Indian-like silence. But now that they foresaw the drift, the quiet began to crumble. The faces of Bender, Rufe Deane and Halliday remained hard and set, but the cowboys began to grin; and swiftly a murmur rose into a general wordless rumble of encouragement, like a cheer.

The effect on Shafer was immediate. His mild eyes shone sternly and he straightened in his chair. "Way I see it—what can American law officers do without the support of the courts of justice?" he asked; and, "Nothing!" he answered himself. "This open flaunting of the law must stop! The very existence of this great state—"

Some kid cowboy sang out, "Pour it into 'em!" and the pack cheered again, grinning. Horse Dunn's eyes blazed as if he had been slapped across the face. Wheeler set his jaw. "Hold steady," he said to Horse Dunn. "For God's sake, sit tight!" The boss of the 94 did not seem to hear him.

Shafer inflated. "We are here today—" he went on, his voice rising.

"Just a minute," Marian Dunn said.

JUDGE SHAFER halted in full career; and abruptly a new, motionless silence came over the people packed into that room, at the sound of the girl's voice. "Heh?" said Shafer.

"I'll testify."

For a moment Shafer seemed not to comprehend, and there was a moment more of that dense, heavy quiet.

Sheriff Walt Amos spoke, his voice flat, ironic, and his contempt for the judge was in it—the contempt of a quick-thinking man for a slow one. "She can't testify."

"Why can't she?"

"Because she hasn't been called by either side."

"I want you people to know," said Judge Shafer, "that I'm running this court!"

In the heavy quiet while Shafer still hesitated, Wheeler watched the faces of Horse Dunn's enemies. The young cowboys were unwillingly friendly to the girl, swayed by an inevitable attraction. But in the faces of the cow bosses Wheeler saw a strange thing. These older, embittered men were seeing Marian not as a girl but as a part of the 94. He noticed the dark, hard gaze of Link Bender, and the unforgettable green eyes of Rufe Deane, the man who blamed Dunn for the death of his son. There was no more compromise in these men than in the edge of an obsidian knife; and to them the girl was a sexless enemy.

"This court means to serve out right and justice, not technicalities," Shafer decided. "And if Miss Dunn wants to testify, I'll call her as a witness for the court."

There was a moment's pause. "I was at Short Creek," Marian said.

"Go ahead, Miss Dunn—just tell the court what you saw in your own words."

Marian Dunn still sat with her cheek resting upon her hand; her eyes flicked to Horse Dunn, then to Billy Wheeler, but conveyed nothing. "I was only a little distance away—I saw all of it. Kid Bender rode up out of the bed of the creek, running his horse so hard he had to slide it to keep from knocking Wheeler's horse over. They sat there talking; Kid Bender seemed to be threatening Wheeler. Finally—"

"Now, why do you say 'seem'?" Walt Amos broke in. "Either you heard what was said or you didn't."

"Let her tell her story!"

"Finally," Marian continued, "Kid Bender motioned with his head toward where I was sitting, and Billy Wheeler turned, as if to see where I was. While Billy Wheeler was turned away Kid Bender jerked out his gun. It was the most unfair, unwarranted thing you could possibly imagine."

"You mean to say—"

"Be still!" said Shafer.

"Wheeler saw the gun just in time. He half dropped out of the saddle—evidently trying to avoid the shot; he seemed to try to get the neck of Bender's horse between himself and the gun. Just then Bender's gun went off. Both horses jumped; but Bender's reared and fell over backwards."

"Well, when did Wheeler fire?"

"He didn't fire at all."

"But what about this gun smoke?"

"I didn't see any smoke. There was a lot of dust going up from the ground, but that was all."

"This is remarkable," said Shafer.

"It's an almighty funny thing," Amos said, "that this wasn't put in by the defendant in the first place!"

"You want to cross-examine, Amos?"

"I certainly do," said the sheriff. "Look here, Miss Dunn! How long have you known this man Wheeler?"

"What's the point to that?" Wheeler demanded.

"Judge," said Amos, "I claim this woman is—"

"Watch yourself!" said Billy Wheeler.

There was a general stir through all that dense press of men. "Come to order!" said Shafer. "I—"

"I don't mean," Billy Wheeler began, "to let this—"

"Will you come to order," said Shafer, "or take a contempt of court?"

Outside there now rose a new disturbance as a dust-crusted car came careening down the street; it half spun as it skidded to a stop in the middle of the roadway in front of Shafer's office. Sam Caldwell, square-set, heavy-necked ally of Link Bender, forged his way through the crowd and came shouldering up the steps. Inside and outside the quiet broke into mumbling disorder.

"You want me to finish with cross-questioning this witness," the sheriff was demanding of the judge, "or not? If you want me to clear this court—"

"I've never had to clear a court yet," said Shafer. "I—what's going on here?"

He sat back and stared scowling at the disturbance which set the whole room in motion as Sam Caldwell thrust his way through the door and up to the table. Reaching it, Caldwell jerked off his big hat and threw it on the table like an old-time fighter throwing his hat into the ring. His face was steaming red, heavily marked with dust-muddied sweat.

"I got to speak to the sheriff a minute," he said.

Sheriff Walt Amos struggled to get to his feet in the close press. "Alone?" he asked Caldwell.

JUDGE SHAFER flared up. "This is a court of law and I mean to have it treated as such. A hearing is going on here for a serious offense. You can't come in here and—"

Caldwell looked at Judge Shafer heavily, with the dislike that hard-riding cattlemen have for men whom they consider ineffectual. "This might still be more interesting around here than that," he said. "There's a man been killed—another, by God!—cut in two with a shotgun at Ace Springs."

There was a second or two in which the throng was silent with the sudden struck silence of animals at the report of a gun, before arose the inevitable buzz and stir. Ace Springs was 94 water.

Walt Amos said sharply, "Sam, who's killed?"

"Cayuse Cayetano! Dead since yesterday."

***(To be continued next week)***

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# Gallows of Chance

*Continued from page 17*

"I had not had time to take the men off, fortunately," he compromised, "and I'm afraid you will have to put up with them for a few more days. Pank seems to have an idea that there's something brewing."

"I'll put up with them all right," Sir Humphrey decided. "The matter must be cleared up. I took a wrong view of it at first. I have changed my mind. I want to hear in a few words the result of Inspector Pank's inquiries in Norfolk, and I will offer you a few confidences in exchange."

Colonel Matterson drew a sigh of relief.

"That's what we have been hoping for," he admitted. "We have been working too much in the dark. Pank slipped out of the room just now, I noticed, but I should like to send for him and then, when you have heard his story, you can ask him any questions you like."

"Fetch him up," Sir Humphrey begged, "or, rather, ring the bell and Parkins will get him."

PARKINS made due appearance, arranged the evening papers upon a side table, and set out decanters, siphons and glasses upon a sideboard which had previously held some treasures in the shape of wool-worked flowers and stuffed birds under glass cases. Afterward he superintended the building up of a more satisfactory fire and, receiving instructions with regard to Inspector Pank, went off in search of him.

"One of your particular stars, is he, this young man Pank?" the Home Secretary inquired.

"I don't know whether we shall ever be able to proclaim him a star," Colonel Matterson observed. "He is undoubtedly intelligent and very tenacious, but in this particular matter he had the great advantage of being a Norfolk man. Very clannish they are in those parts. He asked to be dismissed from the force for a few days so that he could pose as a commercial traveler, and I must say that he did very well. He's at a blank end now, though. What we're needing is just half a dozen words from you."

Sir Humphrey nodded.

"And what I am needing is just half a dozen words from another."

Inspector Pank was shown in. He looked very trim in his neat, dark clothes, and a great deal of the nervousness of his earlier days had gone. Nevertheless, he had the appearance of a worried man. Lines were beginning to find their way into his face. Intelligence could take him no farther in his quest, and that curious extra sense which the born detective is supposed to possess, was all the time warning him that danger was at hand.

"What do you think of the present conditions, Pank?" his chief asked him.

"Sir Humphrey and the lady are much better off up here, sir," was the quiet reply. "I have the back and front stairs guarded, the street patrolled, and an extra man in the library. I think I can guarantee you against anything in the nature of a surprise attack."

"I should like you," the sub-commissioner directed, "condensing the story so far as possible, to tell Sir Humphrey the result of your investigations in Norfolk. I think when you have done so he will probably be more inclined to help us."

"I sincerely hope so, sir," Pank said, "for his own sake. I am not an alarmist," he added, "but I think that there is a very dangerous gang at work in London just now, and they seem prepared to go to any lengths to secure what they want. Our great handicap, of course, is that we don't know what it is they do want. That is where we are hoping for help from Sir Humphrey."

"You shall have all the assistance I can give you," Sir Humphrey promised, "but even then you'll find we shall still be asking one another—why? Get along with your story, Pank."

"It won't take long, sir. I was detailed to go down to Norfolk with two other men to inquire into the circumstances of the outrage upon you after you left Keynsham Hall on the night of December the nineteenth. We didn't get very far at first simply because my two companions were known to be Scotland Yard detectives. I got a line on the chauffeur, however, and, curiously enough, one night when I was in a little public house which I have always had rather a fancy for, a man came in whom I knew by repute, and he let something fall as to a peculiar job he had had lately—the man, by the bye, Sir Humphrey, was wearing a soiled gray suit marked with white paint—one of the few things you were able to pass on to us."

"I remember the brute," Sir Humphrey muttered.

"Well, with these two things in my mind," Pank continued, "I got Colonel Matterson to allow me to go back to Norwich as a commercial traveler and make a few independent inquiries. As a result of them I discovered who was the employer of the chauffeur who fetched you from Keynsham Hall, and I discovered that the place to which you were taken was no English country house at all, but an artificial series of buildings erected by the staff of a cinema company up near Hellesdon."

"I always felt there was something unreal about the whole place," Sir Humphrey exclaimed. "Of course, that was it. Go on, Pank."

"The man whom I had come across in the public house was the head carpenter, and the first thought that flashed into my mind when I saw the white paint on his gray clothes and heard from the landlord of the public house that he had been employed by a cinema company, was that six years ago he was apprenticed to Prince, the hangman. They didn't keep him because he drank."

SIR HUMPHREY shivered, but this time, though Pank had paused, he did not interrupt.

"I also discovered," Pank continued, "that the men who were your captors that night were members of an international society to which Brandt, the man who was hanged, had also belonged. The proprietor of the studio had been paid a very large sum, and the morning after you left the whole place was destroyed and every one of the properties burned. There was practically not a trace left of the affair. That is why, if I had not chanced to get in touch with the man in the gray suit with the white paint marks, we might have searched Norfolk forever without finding the place to which you were taken."

"You followed up, I presume, the man to whom the studio had belonged?" Sir Humphrey asked.

"Certainly, sir," Pank replied. "We discovered from him the name of the person who had hired the studio for the night. The same person was the employer of the chauffeur."

"And his name?"

"Lord Edward Keynsham."

*(Continued on page 44)*


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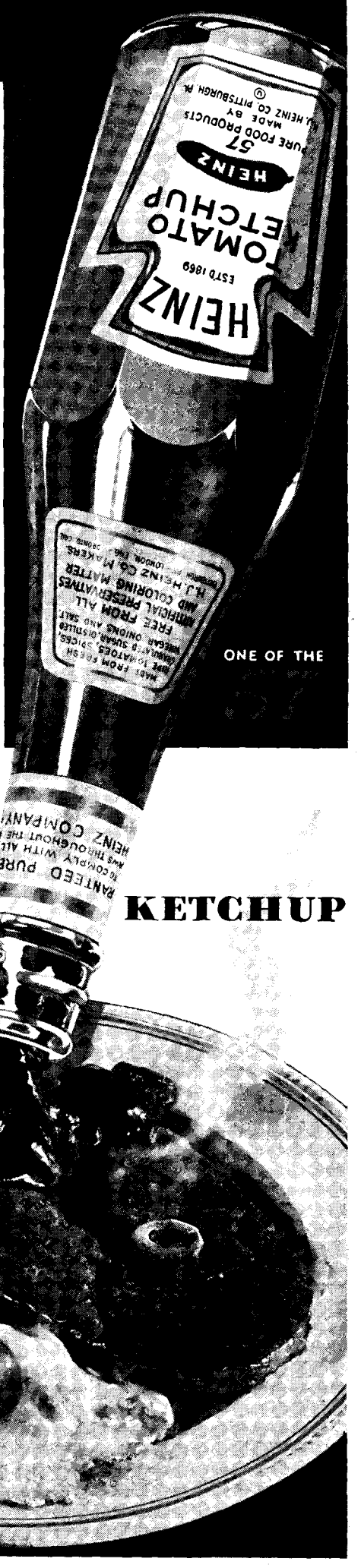


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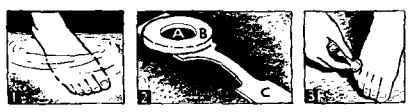


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*(Continued from page 43)*

There was a moment's complete silence. Curiously enough, although Sir Humphrey had been perfectly well aware of what was coming, he seemed to feel all over again his first sensations of amazement. The whole thing seemed so incredible, so impossible—that Keynsham, whom he had known most of his life, should, through the morning and afternoon have been his courteous and considerate host, as he had been for three preceding days, and that an hour after leaving his house he should have presided at that grim and sinister farce!

"Let me think this out for a moment," he said. "They either were going to kill me or they were not. At first I looked upon the whole things as a stupid, flamboyant piece of melodrama. I remember distinctly that during the last sixty seconds I came to the conclusion that they were in earnest. Then came the telephone message that Mrs. Brandt had her story to tell me in London and, provided it was true, I was honorably enabled to sign the reprieve. I promised them to grant it if Mrs. Brandt here, who was waiting in my house, as they told me, gave me the information they said she was going to give me.

"They let me go on that understanding. I was bundled back to the outskirts of London, and found that Mrs. Brandt really was waiting for me. I was ringing up the governor of Wandsworth to tell him to postpone the execution, when I was taken ill. Now, I ask myself this question, and I ask it of you, too—do you suppose that their subsequent enmity toward me was influenced by the fact that, after all, I failed, through no fault of my own, to keep my word, and that Brandt died?"

"If you will permit me to state my theory, sir," Pank begged, "I think not. I believe that the only reason for their wish to have Brandt reprieved was that one of them might obtain an interview with him. They wanted something. I don't know what it was, but they wanted something. In some way or other he had treated them badly or robbed them or put them in a dangerous position. They wanted him not to be hanged until one of them had got something out of him."

"It's a very plausible theory," Sir Humphrey mused.

"But it is only a theory," Pank pointed out. "We're stuck, and that's the long and short of it. You will forgive my speaking plainly, sir. We are doing everything we can to save your life and the life of this lady, who seems to be threatened too. You should, I think, give us such assistance as is in your power. We should like to know the story of your disappearance and Mrs. Brandt's on the night you were to have dined here together."

"Our disappearance," Sir Humphrey announced, "was entirely engineered by Lord Edward and Lady Louise Keynsham."

THERE was a brief silence. The faintest of smiles parted Inspector Pank's lips. Matterson sat like a man dazed.

"My belief is," Sir Humphrey continued deliberately, "that Lord Edward, and his sister at his instigation, intervened to save our lives. I believe that this gang, whoever they may be, had planned to murder both Mrs. Brandt and myself as we were sitting at dinner downstairs. I believe that Lord Edward finds himself in a terrible position. He is in a hopeless minority with his associates, and for some reason or other he dares not break with them.

"He made sure of getting hold of Mrs. Brandt that Sunday night by having a faked taxi and his own car waiting outside the Savoy. In the park her chauffeur pulled up on pretense of engine trouble, and Lord Edward arrived. It took him a long time to convince Mrs. Brandt, but in the end she was convinced, that there was danger in her keeping her appointment with me—danger to both of us. He drove her to his own house in the first instance, and made her write a few urgent lines to me which Lady Louise brought to Chestow Square. She entered the house with a latchkey—one of those with which the members of this gang seem to have already provided themselves.

"I happened by a fortunate chance to be alone, as you, Matterson, were in the other room telephoning. She showed me the line from Mrs. Brandt. I had about five seconds to make up my mind. Whether I was wise or not, I don't know, but at any rate I am alive. We should have met you, Matterson, in the hall, so we stepped out of that fatal low window of mine into the car and drove off. . . . Keynsham dared not keep us in his house, but he sent us off to a place of safety and made us promise to stay there for four or five days. He had a belief for some reason or other that at the end of that time everything would be in order.

"Perhaps I can follow what was in his mind, for during those few days' absence of ours Mrs. Brandt's trunks and belongings were thoroughly and systematically ransacked. My own safe and desk and any place where I would be likely to hide anything were also searched. On thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that Keynsham knew something of the plans of these people, and believed that they were prepared to go to any lengths to get what they wanted. If they had found the key their interest in us would have ceased and we should be safe. If they failed to find it among our possessions, he believed that they would decide that neither of us had it and leave us alone. He was wrong, but that is roughly the story of our disappearance."

"KEYNSHAM this time," Matterson meditated, "acting not as your abductor but as your benevolent guardian."

"Quite true. Now we come to yesterday afternoon," Sir Humphrey went on. "That young man—confound him, I thought he was one of the nicest young fellows I had ever met—told me his name quite frankly. Van Pleyden—Richard Van Pleyden—a well-known Washington family. Carthew actually knew him. He came and was in the act of strangling me because I would not, or rather could not, give him what he wanted. I honestly believe that if Pank had not turned up just when he did it would have been all up with me."

Colonel Matterson smiled.

"Now things are getting clearer," he declared cheerfully. "You were abducted in the first place from Keynsham, Sir Humphrey, in order to force you to sign a reprieve for Brandt, that they might have time to get from him something which he still possessed. They failed there by the sheer accident of your illness. You were his executor and, I imagine, a very dangerous one for their plans. They knew that this article, whatever it was, or document, would eventually come into your possession. That is why you have been looked after ever since. Your young visitor let out what it was—a key."

"Precisely," Sir Humphrey observed, with a sardonic gleam in his gray eyes. "And the joke of it is, if one could find any humor in the situation at all, that I have told more innocent lies about it than I have ever told before in my life! A few hours after Brandt's execution a warder from Wandsworth Prison brought that key to this house. My butler, Parkins, received it, pushed it behind a dish in his pantry and, in the shock of my illness and never imagining that it was of any importance, forgot all about it until yesterday."

THERE was a tense, though only momentary, silence.

"So you have had the key all the time?" Pank exclaimed breathlessly.

"I have had it all the time, and I have it now," the Home Secretary acknowledged. "What Brandt wanted me to do with it I can't imagine, but it was sent to me in his last moments without a word of explanation of any sort."

"Does Mrs. Brandt know anything about it?" Pank demanded eagerly. "She has probably seen it at some time or other in her husband's possession."

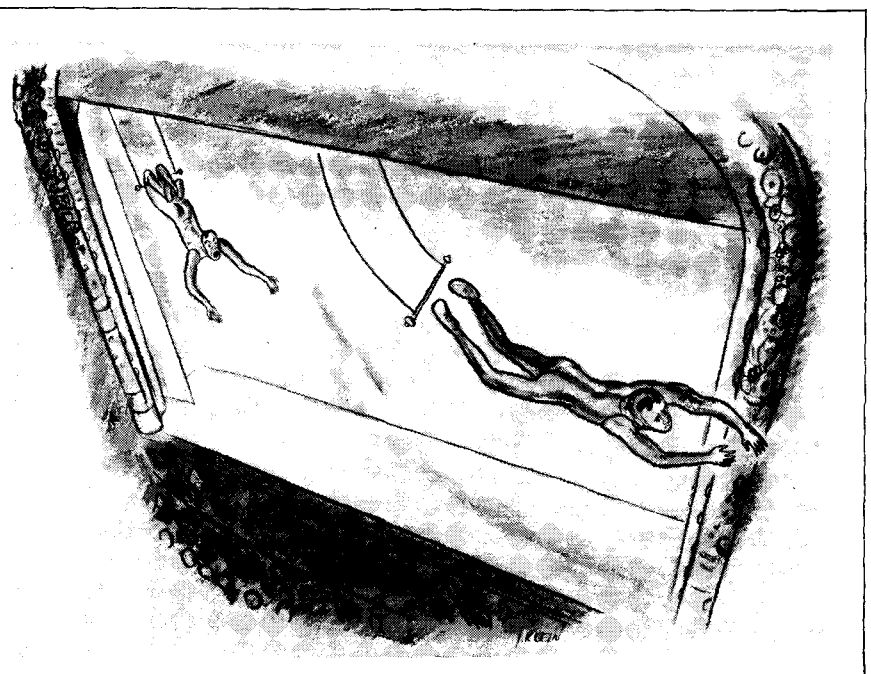
"Never," she assured them all. "I never saw my husband with any special key. I never even heard him speak of any of his possessions. I have no more idea than any of you what it is the key of, or what he wanted Sir Humphrey to do with it."

Colonel Matterson was the first to ask a not unreasonable but somewhat obvious question:

"Where is it now?"

They all looked at one another. The Home Secretary smiled.

"Well," he said, "after that nice young Harvard man and Keynsham, one rather loses confidence in one's fellows, but I think I can trust you three. It is in the official safe in my official



"Hey, this way!" *I. Klein*

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room in the House of Commons."

"Not a bad place," Matterson approved.

"Can you describe the key at all, Sir Humphrey?" Pank inquired.

"It is very plain but quaintly shaped, flat and apparently made of oxidized silver," Sir Humphrey told him. "I feel almost sure that it was not made in this country. It has a number on one side of the shaft—1431—and on the other just a name—Grimmett."

There was a half-stifled exclamation from Colonel Matterson. Pank for a moment remained grimly silent. Then he pointed toward the papers spread out on the table.

"Seen the Evening News?" he asked.

"I have not seen any evening paper," Sir Humphrey replied.

"The manager of Grimmett's and one of his employees were both murdered this afternoon in the vaults of their establishment. They were shot down by two men who tried to get their pass-keys."

"Who on earth is Grimmett?" the Home Secretary gasped.

"Grimmett is the patentee and director of a marvelous new safe-deposit system," Pank explained. "They opened a branch in Lombard Street about twelve months ago. That key is the key to one of the safety chambers."

THERE was a tense and momentous silence in the Chestow Square drawing-room of faded splendors. Sir Humphrey was the first to recover himself. He snatched at an evening paper and, adjusting his eyeglasses, read rapidly for a few moments.

"Tell us about it," Katherine begged nervously.

"Beastly affair," he pronounced with a shiver. "Two men, one elderly and the other younger, very well dressed and of superior appearance, called upon the manager of Grimmett's and asked to see some of the steel cabinets they let out. Most invulnerable safes in the world they are supposed to be, I believe. The manager seems to have been rather impressed by his visitors and took them himself in the elevator to the underground quarters. As soon as they were round the corner of the first corridor, one of the two men pushed a revolver into the manager's ribs and demanded either his pass-key or a key which would open a certain cabinet. The elevator man tried to give the alarm and was at once shot. He only lived long enough to give these few particulars to the police. The manager was a weak man and fainted on the spot. He collapsed onto the floor and they actually shot him while he was there unconscious."

"But they didn't get the pass-key?" Matterson observed.

"Apparently not. The account here says that the only key the manager had with him was for an empty cabinet which had just been built, and which he was going to show to his prospective clients. Whoever they were they seem to have made their search without having been disturbed, worked the elevator themselves and left the place before the alarm was raised."

"Horrible!" Katherine exclaimed, trembling.

Some instinct besides his official interest in the crime was aroused in the sub-commissioner's mind.

"What can that man Brandt have left behind him of such enormous value?" he speculated.

"Money, I should think," Sir Humphrey pronounced. "He was probably the treasurer of the gang."

"I think there must be something else concerned besides just money," Pank ventured. "There's no sense in keeping a huge sum like that locked away where no one could get it. I don't know whether you knew it, madam," he went on, turning to Katherine, "but your husband booked his passage for Australia a few days before the tragedy happened."

"Yes, I knew it," she admitted. "He had been in a highly nervous state for weeks. He thought the sea voyage might do him good."

"Evidently these extraordinary people had come over to take him to task about something or other," Sir Humphrey observed. "A bloodthirsty crew they must be. Even the sacred body of a cabinet minister doesn't seem to be immune!"

The sub-commissioner glanced at his watch.

"May I ring up the Yard?" he begged.

Sir Humphrey leaned toward the bell.

"No telephone up here, I'm afraid. You'd better use my private line in the library."

"Shall I go, sir?" Pank suggested.

"You may as well," Matterson agreed. "Bring up the news as soon as you have it and then we'll decide upon the next step. We are getting face to face with realities now, at any rate. The three things we have to solve are: First, who are these men? Second, what is Lord Edward Keynsham's position with regard to them? And third, what are the contents of the safe? I shall never believe that money alone would account for the almost frantic desperation of these men."

"There is a simple way of finding out," Sir Humphrey reminded him, "and that is by using the key and opening the cabinet. That clearly forms one of my duties as executor, and it seems to me the sooner I get to work the better."

"Under our surveillance," Matterson said hastily.

Sir Humphrey smiled.

"I am by nature bland and ingenuous," he observed with faint sarcasm, "but if you think you will see me strolling up Lombard Street, twiddling the key upon my finger and loitering on the doorstep of the Grimmett building to look at the time, well—you're wrong, my dear fellow, that's all! I admit I seem to have walked into trouble pretty easily up to now, but it is not my custom. We will talk about opening the cabinet later on. I have one suggestion to make to you first, and that is that you take the obvious course and put Lord Edward Keynsham through it."

"I SHALL send for him tomorrow morning," Matterson promised. "Apart from what Keynsham has done, however, there is another important aspect of the matter: Cecil Brandt deliberately, on the morning of his death, sent the key to you, Sir Humphrey, after having appointed you his executor."

"He certainly did."

"Well, of course, if the cabinet contains a few millions in cash belonging to his estate, that's all right. If it contains something entirely different—and I cannot think that the most avaricious company of men in the world would be taking these risks for money alone—then there seems something very sinister to me in the thought of that man, on his way to the scaffold, imposing a charge upon you which he must have believed would cost you your life."

Katherine shivered in her place.

"Has that only just occurred to you?" she exclaimed. "It has been in my mind all the time."

"Had your husband any feeling against Sir Humphrey?" Matterson asked.

"I believe that he hated him," she replied passionately. "I believe that is why he made him his executor, and why he sent him the key. I believe it was firmly in his mind that the possession of that key by any outside person meant certain death."

*(To be continued next week)*


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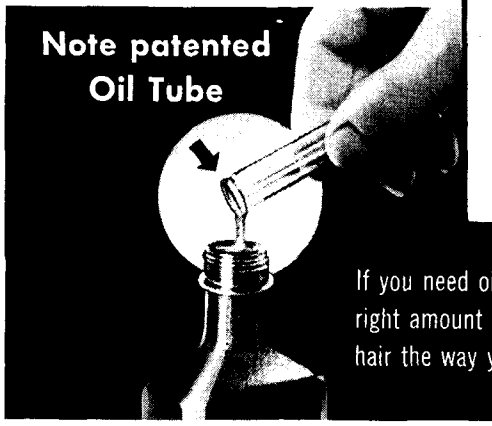

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# But not too Nice

*Continued from page 27*

what he'd heard. Joe remembered that the bigger they are the harder they fall.

"You hear me," Granby said.

"Yes," Joe Lawrence said, "I hear you."

JOE LAWRENCE won his matches three days in succession. He met Tommy Marvin in the finals. Joe took the first set and Tommy took the second set. The third set was bitter. Tommy won it at 14-12. They had ten minutes' rest. They sat beside the court mopping themselves with towels and resting.

"Listen, nice boy," Granby said in Joe's ear, "I've got ten thousand francs on Marvin."

Joe grinned. "You'd better copper it," he said.

"No," Granby said, "no. I never copper."

It was only when he got out on the court that Joe Lawrence understood. It was only when they were playing again that Joe realized that Granby meant he was to lose. It made him mad. For a minute it made him so mad he could hardly see. And then he knew he had to win. He had to beat Tommy Marvin or Granby would think he'd obeyed orders. He began to play the ball back and forth until he got a real opening and then he slammed it home. He took the fourth set. They were two sets all.

There was a momentary pause. Tommy Marvin stopped at the umpire's stand to mop his face and suck a lemon. Joe Lawrence walked over to Granby. "Ten thousand francs, you bet," he said.

"I've just bet ten thousand more on Marvin," Granby said.

"Twenty thousand francs then," Joe Lawrence said.

Granby nodded.

"You're going to lose it," Joe Lawrence said. "I can tell you now you're going to lose it."

Then he went out and beat Tommy Marvin.

They made a ceremony of giving him the cup—the Villa Vallambrosa cup. But Joe Lawrence knew how they felt. He saw Granby's face.

He went up to his room afterward to change. Somebody knocked on the door. "Come in," Joe said. Granby stepped in.

"Listen, nice boy," he said, "you're through. You've outrun your welcome. You pack up your duds and beat it."

"Yes," Joe Lawrence said. "Yes—I've thought of that."

"You needn't think it's any use to talk to Cadwalader," Granby said, "because it isn't. I told him how you double-crossed me today and he's just as tired of you as I am. You're through."

JOE LAWRENCE packed his things and went downstairs. He told the butler to get him a taxi and then to tell Miss Faraday he'd like to see her.

He stood in the hall waiting.

Cadwalader came into the hall. "Joe," he said, "I'm sorry all this happened. But you seem to have got in wrong. You seem to have made a kind of play for Granby's girl. I guess you'd better go. I guess you don't fit in."

"No," Joe Lawrence said, "I don't fit in. And, thanking you for this and that, I've only one request to make."

"What's that?" Cadwalader asked.

"I want to speak to Frieda Faraday before I go. I want to say goodby."

Cadwalader shrugged his shoulders. "You can wait here if you like," he said. "But I can tell you now she won't be here. Granby told her not to see you again."

"I think I'll wait," Joe Lawrence said. And Cadwalader walked away.

Joe Lawrence stood there waiting for Frieda Faraday to come out. But she didn't come out. She came down the stairs behind him.

"I hear," she said, "I hear you're leaving."

"Yes," he said, "yes—I'm leaving. I was only waiting to say goodby to you."

He held out his hand to her. For just a moment she looked at him. And then she took his hand.

"So," she said, "so what Bill Hallam said is true—you are too nice a boy."

And then he knew what a fool he'd been. He looked into her eyes and knew what a boob he'd been.

But words didn't matter then. Words didn't say what he had to say. He made a grab for her. And she eluded him. With a quick step she eluded him and ran into the living-room (where they were playing bridge) and he ran after her.

Granby jumped up. "What the hell is this?" he yelled.

"Why," Frieda Faraday said, "it's nothing—it's nothing at all. Joe's trying to kiss me and I'm pretending I don't want him to."

There were about twenty of them playing bridge. For just a minute they all sat there staring. But Granby didn't stare for long.

"Nice boy," he said to Joe Lawrence, "I've had enough of this. You asked for it."

He swung one from the hip. Joe ducked and stepped in. He hit Granby and Granby went down. But he wasn't hurt. He got up.

"You go to hell," he roared. "You and that ——."

He said something quite unprintable about Frieda Faraday just before Joe Lawrence hit him again.

JOE stood there watching him. He didn't get up so fast the second time.

Frieda Faraday put her arm through his. "Joe," she said, "I think it's time that you and I were on our way."

Granby got to his feet. He made as if to charge again. But he didn't want to charge again. He let them stop him.

"If you'll wait just a minute, Joe," Frieda Faraday said, "I'll have my things. They're packed."

She came downstairs two minutes later. The butler had her bags. They went out and climbed into the taxi.

"I think we'd better go to Cannes," Frieda Faraday said. "I know a girl in Cannes who'll take me in for a day or two."

"Just a minute," Joe said to the driver. "Just a minute."

He turned to Frieda Faraday. "I haven't had a chance to tell you I love you," he said. "I thought—I thought you were engaged to Granby."

She looked at him and shook her head.

"You are too nice," she said. "You're much too nice for Juan les Pins."

Joe Lawrence took her in his arms. Joe Lawrence kissed her and told her how he felt.

"I suppose," Frieda Faraday said, "we'd better tell the driver where to go."

"Is it an awful job to get a marriage license in France?" Joe Lawrence asked.

"It's quite a job," she said. "You have to see the American consul and all sorts of things."

"Then," he said, "let's get going."

CADWALADER ran into Bill Hallam two days later—on the esplanade at Cannes.

"Look here," he said to Bill. "You're the guy that told me Joe Lawrence was too nice a boy to be a tennis champion."

"Yes," Bill Hallam said, "that's right. That's what I said."

"Well," Cadwalader said, "you ought to hear what he did. He knocked Granby for a loop and—"

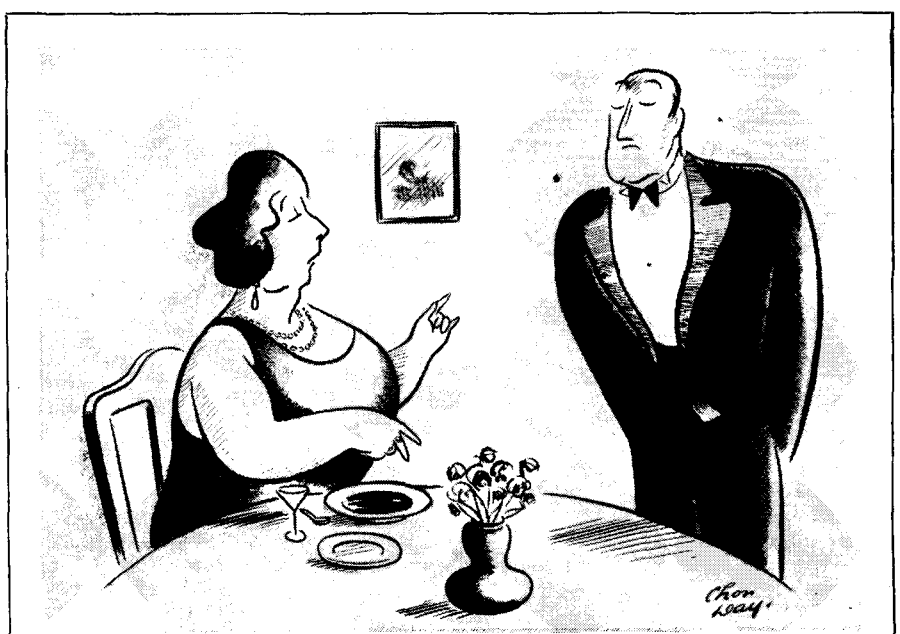
"I heard something about that," Bill Hallam said. "I heard he punched Granby to a jelly and ran off with the girl Granby was engaged to."

"Yeah," Cadwalader said. "Yeah. That's what he did. That's the guy you said was too nice a boy."

"I guess you didn't understand, Cadwalader," Bill Hallam said. "I guess you didn't get what I meant."

"I guess I didn't," Cadwalader said. "I guess I still don't understand how you could figure that guy to be too nice a boy."

"I only meant," Bill Hallam said, "I only meant that he was too nice a boy to be a tennis bum. I meant, if you insist, that he was too nice to stand for your sort of crowd in order to play tennis and have his name in the papers."



**"Higgins, you had better stop doing jig-saws—there's a piece of Napoleon's hat in the soup!"** *Chon Day*

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# Party Line

*Continued from page 20*

sure, before he felt for a pulse, that Farren was dead.

He covered his hand with his handkerchief and lifted the receiver from its hook. Luck. Luck that furnished a telephone receiver which could hang by its cord without signaling Central!

He did not have to plan, as he went swiftly back to Glidden's. The whole sequence of things still to be done had flashed before him in that moment when he had stared past Farren at the telephone against the wall. He knew exactly what he was to do. He dropped the gun down a woodchuck burrow he had noticed in the afternoon and remembered, as if even then he had been planning all that had happened; he pushed a heavy stone down after it; at Glidden's he went straight to the telephone, words fluently ready on his tongue, as if he had memorized and rehearsed them.

"Get me Doc Averey, quick," he gasped. "I'm too sick to look up his number. Hurry, will you?"

AVEREY'S thin, dry voice came over the wire. Harney's heart jumped. Luck again! If Averey had been out it would have been necessary to take a chance on the other doctor, thirty years younger and thirty times as smart. Harney, speaking as one in pain, said that he had a sharp attack of indigestion, that he hated to ask the doc to come up but his car was out of commission and he wasn't equal to the walk into town.

"Be there in ten minutes."

Averey cut him short. Harney stood at the doorway till he saw headlights slanting up toward him. Grinning, he went back to the telephone. He ought to have understood at once the meaning of that secret message that he had seemed to hear last night, when Farren had rung up Dora. On a party line like this Central couldn't tell which party was calling! There wasn't any way for her to be sure that it wasn't Tom Farren, up at Ransome's, who twisted the crank and groaned into the transmitter:

"Help! Quick! I'm shot! Up at Ransome's. Qui—"

He gasped the words. Letting his voice die suddenly, he threw himself heavily on the floor, hoping that the sound of the fall might carry over the wire. The diaphragm of the receiver was rattling as he stood up. He listened long enough to make sure that the operator had understood; without answering he put the receiver back on its hook. When old Averey came in with his scuffed black bag, a few minutes later, Harney lay on the sofa, his knees drawn up, his hands hugging his stomach. The telephone bell was chattering. Harney nodded toward it.

"Answer that, will you, Doc? It's been ringing for a couple of minutes and I've been feeling too sick to stand up."

He let his head fall back and shut his eyes. Averey crossed to the telephone.

"Yes? . . . This is Averey. . . . What? . . . How long since? . . . I'll go right up. Let the sheriff know."

He came back to the sofa, felt Harney's pulse.

"I'll have to be as quick as I can," he said. "Somebody's been shot, up at Job Ransome's."

"Never mind me, then. I've had these cramps before. I'll be all right. Who's shot?"

"The girl isn't sure. H'm. Pulse is kind of high. Maybe I'd better—"

"Never mind me," Harney insisted. "If there's anybody hurt up at Ransome's, it must be Tom Farren. I saw Job and his wife going to town. I'll come with you. Tom's a good friend of mine."

He sat up quickly, clutched at his stomach and shook his head.

"You stay right where you are," Averey ordered. "I'll get back as soon as I can."

He took his bag and went out. Harney lay still until he heard the car start. Then he sat up. There was nothing to do, now, but wait.

WAITING, though, wasn't easy, nor being alone. By the time he saw the headlamps of Job Ransome's car Harney had made up his mind. He was at the roadside when the car halted, waving his arms.

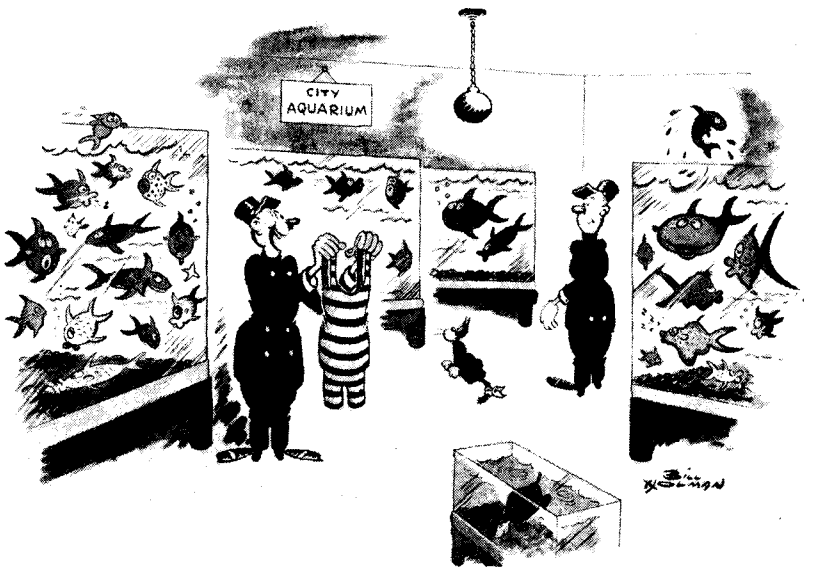
"Don't stop, Job. Somebody's been shot, up at your place. I'm afraid it's Tom Farren." He sprang to the running-board and clutched the door frame. "Drive ahead. I'm coming with you."

He knew that he was safe; the blank, stupid silence proved it. There couldn't be any danger—not from people like these. Job Ransome let in his clutch. His feet, Harney thought, worked faster than his brain.

"It wasn't Jud!"

Harney almost laughed at the sound of Dora's voice. Luck! Even Dora was doing her best to help him!

*(Continued on page 48)*




"Are you going in tonight, Gus?" *Bill Holman*

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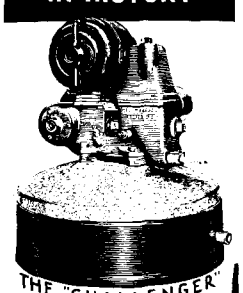

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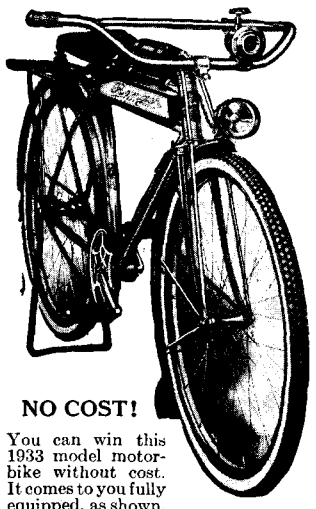

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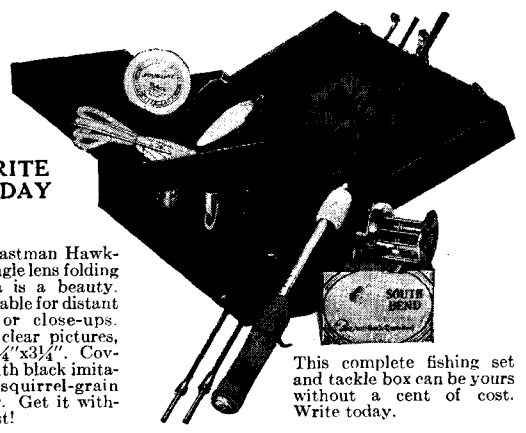

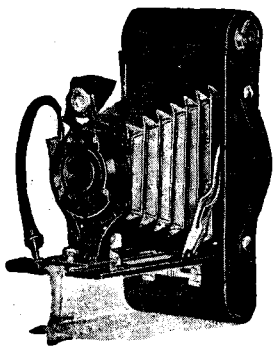

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*(Continued from page 47)*

"Jud?" he echoed. "How did you know he'd been here tonight?"

"Here?" She flung the word back at him hotly. "Jud wasn't here! He—he couldn't have been! He—"

"He was, though," Harney said. "Stood around awhile talking and then started back to Lassiter. Maybe half an hour before we heard about the shooting."

"I don't care! He never did it! He never—"

"Say, what makes you keep saying that?" Harney did his best to seem puzzled. "Who said he did? You sound as if you guessed it must have been him—started talking about him before I ever told you he'd been here."

"He didn't do it! I don't care what you say! He—"

"You hadn't better say no more about it, Dora," Bessie Glidden interrupted sharply. "No need to stick up for Jud till somebody starts accusin' him."

"BUT that's just what he's doing!" The girl's voice was suddenly cool. "Don't you see? He—"

"I certainly didn't," Harney broke in. "You were the one. It sounds crazy to me, talking like that, when—"

He stopped just long enough to hear and heed the warning of a mind that moved more swiftly than it had ever moved before. It was risky, even with people like these, to do much talking now. He wasn't supposed to know much more than they did about what had happened. He went on swiftly:

"—when we don't even know who's shot, or anything about it"

"But you said it was Farren," Bessie Glidden objected.

"I said I was afraid it might be. I don't know." He told them his story, repeating just what Averey had said of the telephone message. "I knew Job and his wife were at that meeting, and so it looked to me as if it must have been Tom Farren who'd been shot, but I don't know. If there was somebody else up there—"

"Wasn't," Job Ransome said. There was a silence. Harney could almost see the thought that was in their minds. Again he struggled with a crazy desire to laugh. The car clawed up the last steep grade, turned and jolted toward lighted windows. Averey stood in the doorway. Harney called out to him.

"It's Farren," Avery said. "He's dead."

Harney sprang down and ran toward him. "Feeling a lot better, eh?" Averey asked.

Harney made an impatient gesture. "I can't bother about a stomach ache when a good friend of mine is killed. How did it happen, Doc? Anything to show who did it?"

The others had left the car. They stood at the door of the big kitchen. None of them spoke. In the light from the windows Harney could see their faces lifted toward the doctor. Suddenly, somehow, they did not look like stupid faces.

"There might be," Averey said. "I noticed some foot tracks in the road, driving up. Anybody pass Eli's place this evening?"

"Why—" Harney tried to sound reluctant—"nobody except Jud Weston, that I know of." He glanced at Dora Lane, expecting another angry outburst of denial, but she did not speak. In the lamplight she seemed to be prettier than ever, in spite of the tightness about her mouth. "And it's absurd to think that Jud had anything to do with it."

"What makes you think so?" Averey demanded.

"Why, he didn't have any reason," Harney said. His safest course, he knew, was to stand up for Jud, to make these others do the accusing.

"It's kind of queer you should say that," Eli Glidden said. "I hear you was tellin' the boys down to Gamble's about one pretty good reason Jud might've had."

"Me? I don't know what you mean. I never said a word about Jud Weston!"

"Said quite a few about Tom Farren, though," Eli said.

"Yes. And about me!" Dora Lane spoke quietly. "It's all over town that I—"

"I'm sorry!" Harney cut in quickly. He understood, now, the feeling of hostility of which, ever since the car had stopped at Glidden's, he had been vaguely aware. They were all sore, of course, because of that gossip about Dora Lane. He hadn't foreseen this. For a moment it alarmed him. Then he saw that it didn't matter. He went on, earnestly apologetic:

"I did happen to say something, in a joking way, about Tom's having fallen for you, Dora, but I didn't mean any harm by it. And I still don't see what it has to do with Weston."

"Don't you?" Dora's voice was still quiet. "That's queer. You knew I was engaged to Jud."

"Engaged!" Harney did his best to sound amazed. "I didn't know that, Dora. I do remember, now, that he used to be at Eli's a good deal, but I never thought—"

"Didn't happen to tell Jud about Dora and Farren, tonight, did you?" Job Ransome asked.

"I—I'm afraid I did."

Harney could see the faces in the strong lamplight. They were unfriendly, all of them, but he saw that this needn't worry him. The more they talked about the gossip he had started the more tightly they were bound to fasten suspicion on Weston.

"Kind of looks," Ransome said deliberately, "as if you aimed to stir up trouble between Jud and Farren."

"See here." Harney faced him. "Don't you realize that you're making it look worse for Weston when you talk that way? All you're doing, when you try to make out that I put him up to it on purpose, is to show that he had a reason, and a good one, for killing Farren."

"No," Eli Glidden said. "That ain't all Job's doin'. He's kind of gettin' at the idee that maybe Jud wasn't the only one up here tonight that might've wanted Farren to get hurt."

"Meaning me?" Harney laughed. "That's friendly of you, Eli, after all the years you've known me!"

"Known Jud Weston longer," Eli answered slowly. "If I got to believe that one of you two has done a killing it's easier, kind of, to believe it was the one that'd start mean talk about a good girl."

HARNEY gasped. He had counted on stupidity, but never on stupidity like this—stupidity that refused to see the obvious, that deliberately elected to believe, instead, in the impossible. It was time for his alibi.

"Well," he said, "if that's the way you feel about me, it's a good thing for me that I can prove I couldn't have done it."

"Let's hear you prove it," Eli said.

"Ask Doc Averey! He'll tell you he found me down at your house within two or three minutes of the time Farren was shot. He'll—"

"Know when Farren was shot, do you?"

"Yes. And I'll tell you how I know. I was lying on the sofa right under the telephone, waiting for the doc to come. I heard it ring. It rang once, the way you call Central. That must have been Farren calling up to say he was shot. He couldn't have done it sooner, because the phone hadn't rung before that. Right afterward the bell started giving double rings, calling Ransome's num-

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ber. Then it started ringing three short rings—your call, Eli. The doc got there before I could stand up and answer it. Isn't that right, Doc?"

Averey nodded. "Yes. The phone was ringing when I got there and the girl told me that somebody had called up, just before, and said that he was shot, up here. And when I got here I found Farren lying on the floor, right under the phone, and the receiver was hanging by the cord. As far as I can tell he could have lived long enough to have turned the crank and said a word or two."

"THERE!" Harney drew a deep breath. "I told you!"

"But I don't see that it proves anything," Averey said slowly. Harney whirled to face him.

"Why—why, it proves that Farren was alive and talking over that telephone in there within a minute or two of the time you found me down at Glidden's, a mile and more away. It proves—"

"No," Averey interrupted. "You mean that's how it looks. It doesn't prove a thing, Harney. I couldn't tell, for sure, how long Farren had been dead when I found him. I couldn't swear, for instance, that there hadn't been time enough, after he was shot, for you to get back from here to Glidden's. There's nothing to prove you didn't fake up that cramp of yours—you got over it pretty quick, didn't you?—because you wanted a witness to back up your story and nobody except a doctor would come up that hill in a hurry just to oblige you. There's no way of telling that it wasn't you that called up Central, just before I got to Glidden's, and pretended that you were Farren, calling from up here. There's nothing to prove that you didn't shoot Farren. It's a likely enough alibi as far as looks go, but it's a long way from being proved."

Harney managed to steady thoughts that whirled and raced and spun. He fought against a sudden, freezing fear. Nothing but luck could have led Averey's wild guess in the dark so straightly to the very center of the mark. And if luck, after leading Harney on, after making everything so easy for him, so safe, had turned again—

"I guess that's all an alibi ever amounts to," Averey was saying. "A fake one, I mean. It can't change anything but looks, at the best of it. And when it goes wrong, like this one you fixed up, Harney—"

"Me?" Harney's voice was a shout. "Do you mean you're crazy enough to think I killed Tom Farren?"

"I know you killed him," Averey said. "I'd have known it was you, even if it hadn't been for all the trouble you went to, fixing up your smart alibi, but I'd have had a hard time proving it. As it is, I reckon it'll be kind of easy."

"You're crazy!" Harney shouted. "You can't—"

"Easy," Averey repeated. "I'll show you. According to your own story, you were right by the phone down at Eli's when somebody called up over this line and told Central that somebody had been shot up here. There's only two phones on this line, Harney. That call either had to come from here or else it came from Eli's, and if it came from Eli's it had to come from you. Well, it didn't come from here, Harney. When you shot Farren the bullet went clear through him, and it went right on through the lead-in wire of that phone in yonder."

He paused.

"You fixed up a real likely-looking alibi," he went on. "Only for one thing you might have fooled us with it. One thing that nobody can count on, Harney, no matter how smart he is."

Before he heard the name of that one thing, Harney, blinking in the beam of headlamps as the sheriff's car came toward him, knew that Averey was thinking about luck. He tried, uselessly, to run.

"Please lay an egg—just to show you're not angry" *Henri Weiner*


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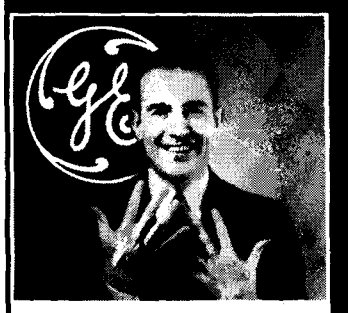

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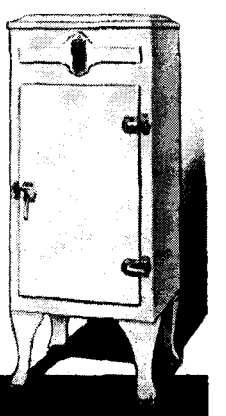


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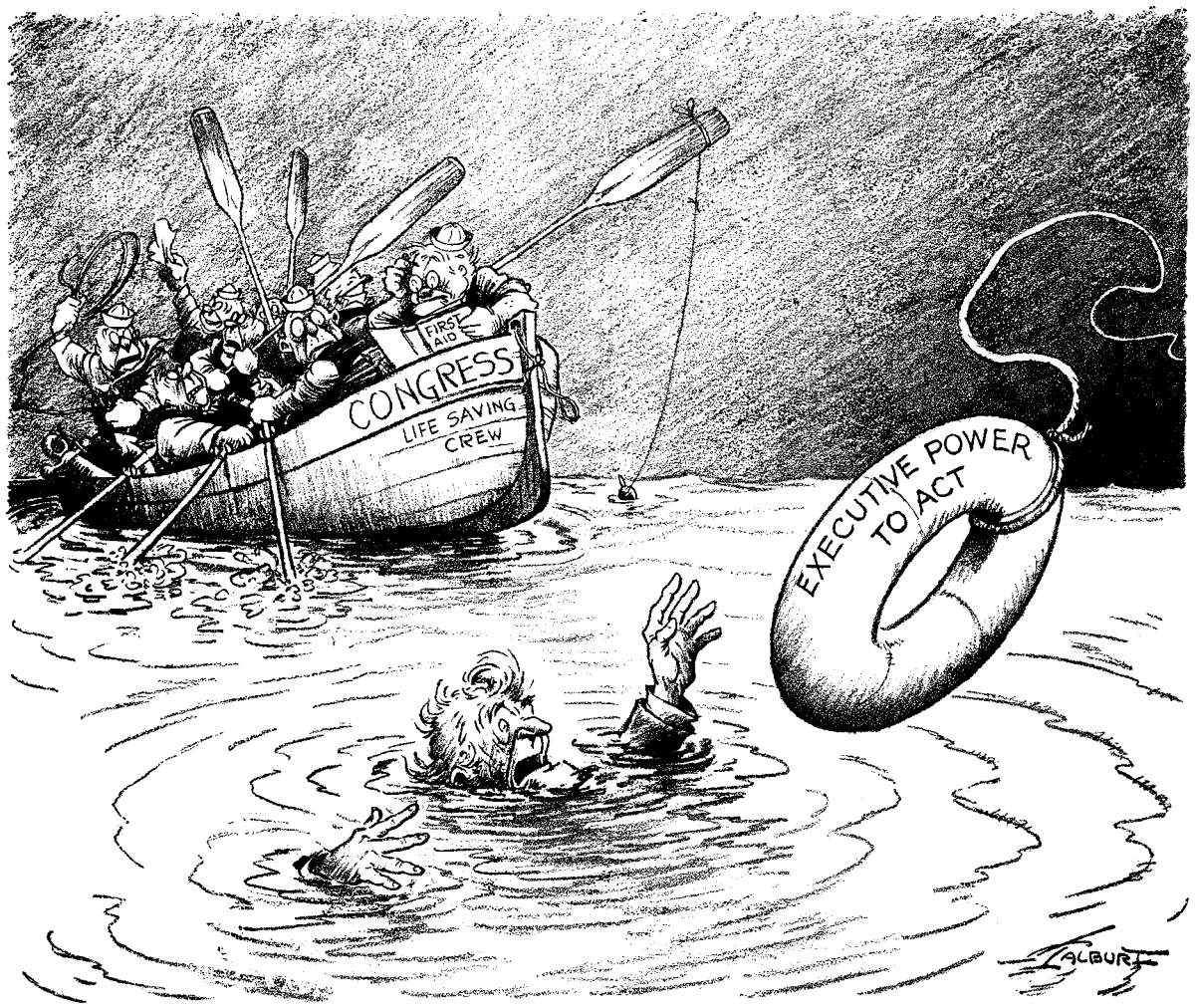
# One Man Can Do It




WE HAVE been wasting time and delaying economy by waiting for senators, congressmen or state legislators to step out and lead us to lower taxes. Legislatures are not, and were never intended to be, leaders of public opinion. Honest legislators who want to keep their jobs know that they dare not oppose vigorous minorities.

But one man, given the courage and the will to serve his country and the power to do what he must, can cut through obstacles that would dismay a group in which each man fears something his fellows cannot see.

"The power has got to be given to the executive," said John Nance Garner after the House had voted the $960,000,000 expense bill which included over $400,000,000 for vote-holding veterans who had not suffered their disabilities in war service. "Congress either hasn't got the ingenuity or the disposition to do it and I say here I have positive knowledge that the incoming executive will so use these powers to balance the budget."

Certainly the man in the White House should have the power to make the painful and necessary reduction in governmental spending. If the power is used unwisely the same Congress that bestows it can also take it away. The only risk involved is political. To an executive with a stiff spine that means nothing.

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska is so convinced of the ineffectiveness of our state legislatures that he would throw them out and get something new. His own state legislature, he says, is made up of a few men who are in it to help themselves and of a much larger group who are unfamiliar with legislative procedure, and who are likely to be deceived and to have crooked deals put over on them without knowing it.

"Get a body of twenty men in Nebraska carefully but not politically picked," suggests Mr. Norris, "to take the place of the Nebraska legislature as now constituted. I believe every state legislature should be cut down greatly in size and that every state ought to abolish the double-house system, representatives and senators, and have one small body of well-paid men."

That is a plea for authority more narrowly centralized. But the legislators of Indiana already have made a more dramatic abnegation of power. They cannot fire thousands of payroll hangers-on and cut down or abolish state boards. In practical politics you cannot persuade the majority in any legislature to risk political suicide.

So the Indiana legislature has given to Governor Paul V. McNutt, once law-school dean and former national commander of the American Legion, a power which it dares not exercise itself. He may dismiss all state employees as he pleases. He is cutting down or merging one hundred different boards into eight great bureaus, and he will name and control the members of these bureaus.

The Ohio legislature could not cut state expenses. Wherefore Governor White did it. He took $9,600,000 off the state budget in 1931 and another half million in 1932. Following his leadership, the legislature approved his action.

Midwestern farmers, lacking money to settle mortgage debts, waited for their legislatures to protect them from eviction and loss. When they tired of waiting they began to act for themselves. The legislatures followed with actions legalizing moratoriums on foreclosures. The farmers had made the error of expecting their legislatures to lead them.

But that error is common. Even George Washington at Valley Forge hoped for leadership and initiative from a Congress which could not give them. Two bitter, despairing letters, which he wrote to Henry Laurens, president of Congress, are in the possession of Barnet J. Beyer of New York. Here are extracts from them:

"It is with infinite pain and concern that I transmit to Congress the enclosed copies of sundry letters respecting the status of the Commissary Department. These matters are not exaggerated. I do not know from what cause this alarming deficiency, or rather total failure of supplies arises. But unless more vigorous exertions and better regulations take place in that line immediately, this Army must dissolve.

"I can assure these gentlemen [the congressmen] that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under snow and frost without clothes or blankets.

"However, although they [the congressmen] seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldier, I feel superabundantly for them and from my soul pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

But Congress could not agree upon what to do financially for Washington until Robert Morris stepped forward and said by his action, "Put the load on me. I'll take it." He was also a member of the Congress but he dominated so many committees and commissions that ultimately he practically controlled all congressional financial operation. He got the money for Washington.

Law-making bodies must have some powerful opinion to reflect and act upon. It may be the opinion of some active and selfish minority. It may be the expressed opinion of a great mass of the voters or merely the *will* of some masterful individual leader. Slowly the ponderous machine grinds on in deliberative action, which inevitably involves whip-sawing debate, fencing, political maneuvering and compromise. Slowly it grinds and, in the long run, surely.

But when an emergency becomes pressing enough, when speed is imperative in meeting one crisis after another, we cut through the haze of words and fears and, through courageous one-man action sanctioned by legislatures, get results. That has always been the American way in an emergency.



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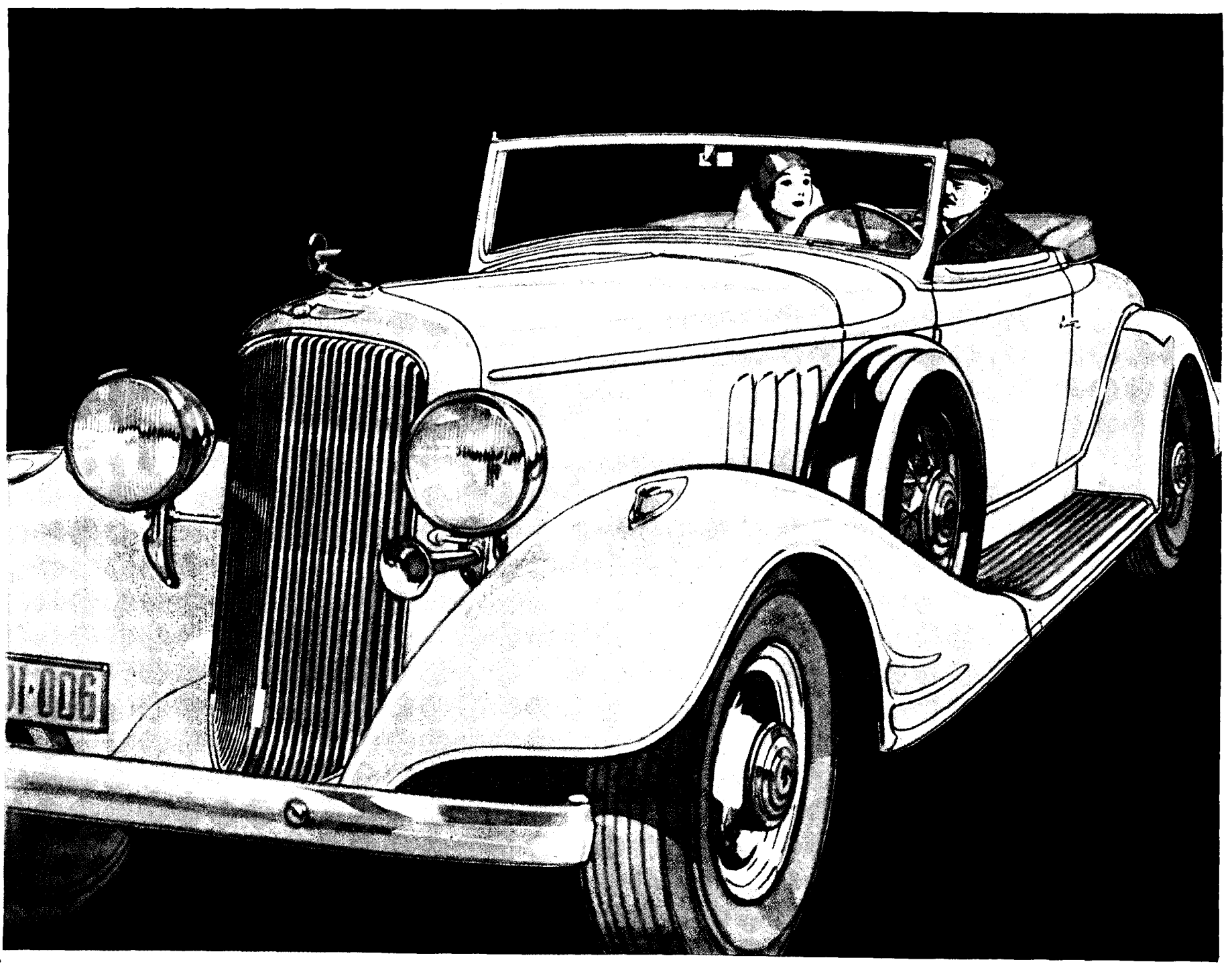

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